

ADVERTISERS OF BARGAINS SHOULD NOT MISS PAGE 16.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 54.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1904.

One Penny.

By Special Appointment to

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You may get the King's Printers' Art
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Greatest Masterpieces, reproduced in colours
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Don't trouble to make good resolutions
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to keep, but ensure your welfare through-
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Turner's Tamarind Cough Emulsion

It will enable you to ward off coughs and
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2/9. Ask your chemist to supply you or write to

THE HARVEY-TURNER COMPANY, LTD.,
The Laboratory, Newcomen Street, Borough, S.E.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Clear, north-easterly winds; raining at first, sleet or snow showers later; frost at night.
Lighting-up time, 5.5 p.m.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all rather rough to moderate.

The Daily Mirror.

PAGE 3.

Tuesday Jan 5, 1904.

5th Day of Year.

361 days to Dec. 31.

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra were received in great state by the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth yesterday.—See page 3.

The late Prince Dimitri Soltykoff's estate has been returned at £365,354, most of which goes to his brother, Prince John Soltykoff.

The secretary of the Manica Copper Company, 123, Cannon-street, E.C., was yesterday attacked by one of his office boys, who struck him down with an axe and walked out, leaving his employer stunned on the ground.—See page 5.

Mr. Balfour, who has been spending the Christmas holidays in Scotland, returned to Downing-street yesterday.

Considerable mystery still surrounds the death of Dora Kiernicke, the Polish woman who was found dead in a room off Tottenham Court-road.—See page 5.

Having recovered from his cold the Archbishop of Canterbury was allowed to leave Lambeth Palace for Canterbury yesterday.

Glasgow City Council has decided to close all the public-houses under their jurisdiction at 10 p.m. instead of 11.

Sir Francis Jeune has now so far recovered that he hopes to resume his seat in the Law Courts next Monday.

Colonel Kemp, M.P., who dislocated his shoulder while playing golf at Keswick, is doing well.

Mr. A. G. Steel, barrister-at-law, was accepted as Conservative candidate by the Leigh Conservative executive last night.

Eight hundred smart young Londoners are now attending the drills of the Naval Volunteers with great enthusiasm.—See page 9.

The Gateshead Labour Party will, it is rumoured, put forward Mr. Bell, secretary of the Newcastle Labourers' Union as their Parliamentary candidate.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, and the Duke of Fife yesterday concluded their visit to the King and Queen at Sandringham, and left for London.

A titled lady applied at a London police-court yesterday for licences for two little girls to perform at a music-hall.—See page 5.

Eminent men of science seem to enjoy lecturing to children nowadays. Dr. William Hampson told a juvenile audience all about "ice" yesterday at the London Institute.—See page 5.

Mr. Carnegie gave away four million pounds during last year.—See page 9.

An incorrigible "runaway" father, whose children have cost two London workhouses £51 15s. through his repeated desertions, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment at Marylebone yesterday.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, who is studying law at the Victoria University, has applied for admission to Lincoln's Inn with a view to becoming a barrister.

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster will shortly deliver a special message from the Pope to the Catholic Boys' Brigade at a grand parade in the new cathedral.

Mr. Douglas Holfall has given £5,000 for a ferret for the new Liverpool Cathedral.

A lead of 267 has been secured by the Englishmen in the second test match at Melbourne, and an exciting finish is promised.—See page 5.

Foreign.

The Kaiser has given orders that the Royal Opera House, Berlin, shall remain closed until certain arrangements for the protection of the lives and health of those engaged in the building have been completed.—See page 4.

It is stated that a reply has been drawn up by Russia, but has not been received by Japan.

The lost lifeboat of the burnt ship Cygnet has been found, and Major Little, his wife, three children, the mate of the vessel and three seamen have been saved.

Two arrests have been made in connection with a plot for the murder of King Peter of Servia.—See page 5.

Imagining himself to be President Roosevelt, a lunatic walked into the Post Office at Baltimore, U.S.A., and proceeded to turn off the electric light, remarking that "this reckless extravagance must be stopped."

Confirmation has now arrived of the rumoured death of Captain O'Riordan, who was attacked by the Okpoto tribe in the Bassa province of Nigeria.

It is reported that two daughters of an English army officer were killed in the Chicago theatre fire.—See page 4.

Seven hundred lunatics in a Spanish asylum are about to be liberated as the General Consulta will not vote the funds necessary for their maintenance.

Danish criminals of certain kinds may soon be punished with the birch, as there is a majority in favour of a whipping bill which is being considered by the Legislature.

Mr. Wood, an English mountaineer, fell into a pool of water while climbing the Schreckhorn, Switzerland, yesterday, with the result that his feet were frozen, and it is feared that they will have to be amputated, though the doctor hopes to save them.

Several persons are seriously ill at Zara, Austria, through eating oysters kept in a tub in which the clothes of some typhus patients had been washed.

The murder of two Europeans in a massacre by the hostile natives is reported from German New Guinea, and in the consequent punitive expedition twenty-five Papuans were killed.

A Reuter telegram from Montevideo says that a state of siege has been proclaimed throughout the Republic.

The Italian Senators will shortly try one of their number for culpable homicide, the charge arising out of the death of a patient after a surgical operation.

Jacques I. of the Sahara has decided that the proper transport animal for his kingdom is a cross between a camel and a horse.—See page 9.

Burglars ransacked the house of a Buda Pesth bank manager named Goldmann and left a card with the inscription: "A Happy New Year.—From the Burglars."

A Parisian lady, who is suing a chemist for supplying her with a drug which burnt her, instead of her own medicine, asks to be examined by an expert with a view to estimating the amount of damages.

The search for the missing French transport has been unsuccessful, but the captain of the Norwegian steamship Romsdal still persists that he saw her.

ROYAL GUESTS.

The King and Queen Visit Chatsworth.

SPLENDID RECEPTION.

A Mile-Long Avenue of Torch-bearers.

The King and Queen arrived at Chatsworth last evening on their visit to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and were received with a picturesque magnificence that recalls Leicester's princely hospitality to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth.

This is the first visit King Edward has paid to the lordly home of the Cavendishes since his accession to the throne. His Majesty had intended to visit the Duke at Chatsworth about a year ago, but at the last moment a chill upset the plan. Their Majesties are, however, no strangers to the glories of the palace of the Peak. As far back as 1872 they were guests of the then head of the Cavendish family, and in January, 1898, they accepted the hospitality of the present Duke. The King, as Prince of Wales, also enjoyed a week's shooting over his Grace's well-stocked preserves in January, 1901.

The Royal Journey.

The royal train left Wolferton station at 1.45, the Queen just before her departure presenting the station-master with a watch engraved with her Majesty's monogram. Peterborough was passed at three, Matlock Bridge was reached at 4.57, and Rowsley, the station for Chatsworth—a picturesque village in view of the highest moorlands of the Peak—a few minutes later.

The air was raw and damp, and earlier in the afternoon there had been a dense mist that hid the great house from view, and threatened to render of no effect the gorgeous scheme of illumination. But the weather was obliging, and by the time the royal party had arrived the air was clear enough to distinguish distant objects.

The Duke was in waiting to receive his royal guests, and thousands of people who had trudged miles from all parts of the countryside crowded all the approaches to the station, which, with its gay tricolour decorations, Venetian masts, multitudes of coloured lights, and illuminated devices, looked more like the junction for fairyland than anything belonging to the prosaic railway world.

A Fairy Spectacle.

There was a Volunteer guard of honour, and after inspecting the smart citizen soldiers the royal progress was begun to the clanging of the church bells and the cheers of the crowd. There was a drive of four miles to Chatsworth, and almost every yard was filled with some new interest.

As soon as the great rectangular mansion, with its gilded gates, its Ionic pillars, and its splendid statues, came within view a fairy-like glow of colour was seen. Twenty-five thousand lamps showed up the contour of the classic pile in an outline of palpitating fire. On the western front was the Imperial Crown with the royal monogram and the word "Welcome"—an appropriate centre for the whole scheme.

Coloured lights played on the waters of the grand cascade, and an avenue of fixed lights marked its course. The mere lighting of them had occupied a staff of men fully two hours.

Ride Through an Avenue of Flame.

As their Majesties neared the Derwent Bridge they entered a double line of torchbearers extending right up to the grand entrance to the Duke's seat.

The avenue of flame was little short of a mile in length. Besides these, there was an escort of torchbearers, and as Derwent Bridge was approached the sky was suddenly illuminated by a vast flight of rockets from the terrace, by brilliant searchlights, and the ruddy glow of coloured fires.

The occupants of the royal carriage were their Majesties, Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Devonshire; the postillions were in blue jackets with silver cording and white knee-breeches. A second carriage contained the suite. Both vehicles were closed, but the Queen, who bent forward to obtain a better view of the illuminations than would otherwise have been possible, was easily recognised by the crowds. The cheering was continuous until, at a quarter to six, their

Majesties and their daughter passed through the gilded gates at the north end of the modern wing.

The banquet at night was served in the State Dining Room, which contains much very beautiful wood carving, some of the personal belongings of Henry the Eighth, and presents from the Emperor Nicholas of Russia.

During the evening Herr Carl Herbert's Viennese band gave the following programme:—

March...Pomp and Circumstance (Elgar).
Valse...Lagunen (Strauss).
Overture...Raymond (Thomas).
Song...Longing (E. Wright).
Selection...La Bohème (Puccini).
Valse...Des Fleurs (Tschakowsky).
Nocturne... (Charles Alfred).

The dramatic performance, which is to be a feature of the royal visit, is fixed for Thursday, and there will be a second performance on Friday for local charities.

THE "CHAMVAL."

Jacques I.'s Latest Idea for the Saharan Empire.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Monday Night.

The latest scheme of his Most Saharan Majesty Jacques I. has a zoological interest.

His Majesty intends to found in his vast and sandy dominions a new breed of animal, which will be known as the "chamval" (Anglice, "camhorse"). In other words, it will be a cross between a camel and a horse.

During his last stay in the pleasant region of the Sahara Jacques Premier had the condescension to express his august annoyance at the slowness of the camel—his only means of transport. By introducing a little equine blood he hopes to get both speed and endurance.

A man with ideas like this ought not to be insulted as the Boulevard Emperor unhappily is. Every post brings him some disparaging postcard. One received a few days ago was addressed to "His Grotesque Majesty Jacques I., Montebank," and read:—

Flowers without perfume; birds without song; rivers without water; men without honour; Emperors without rights—that is the Sahara.

This card came from Brussels, and has much annoyed his Majesty. He intended to visit Brussels, but when he received this insulting card he exclaimed, with what would have been pettishness in one less august, "These Belgians are worse than the French; I won't go to Brussels."

PRINCE SOLTYKOFF'S WILL.

Disposition of an Estate Worth
£365,000—The Racing Stud.

The late Prince Soltykoff has left the large fortune of £365,354.

By his will he bequeaths to his friend Mrs. Elizabeth Bushell Clinton, of Chesterfield-street, Mayfair, all his jewellery and trinkets and £2,000, The Kremlin, at Newmarket, his race horses and hares and mares, and his furniture and other effects. The proceeds of a sale of the Lanwades Stud Farm and stock are to be held in trust for Mrs. Clinton.

£1,000 each is bequeathed to the three executors, of whom Mr. James Lowther, M.P., is one, and there are various bequests to charities and servants. To the children of Madame de Coudray, Jolivet, of Paris, the Prince leaves £22,000, and his brother, Prince John Soltykoff, is bequeathed all the family portraits and the freehold property in Russia.

Out of the residue £2,000 a year is to be paid Mrs. Clinton during her life, and after her death the Russian relatives will benefit by the residuary estate.

COSMOPOLITAN CRIMINAL.

Five years' penal servitude for stealing a purse containing 3s. 9d. will check the extraordinary career of a criminal, John Hall, a printer, seventy-four years of age, has led since 1872.

In that year, the chairman of the West Riding Quarter Sessions said yesterday, accused of circulating foreign coin in an improper way in Paris, he ran away without standing his trial, and by default was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

He was afterwards convicted at Manchester and then in Ghent. Two or three years later, while still in Belgium, he received a sentence of fifteen months' imprisonment. There were subsequent convictions at Glasgow, Durham, Stratford (Essex), Norwich, and Antwerp.

The estate of the late Princess Mathilde Bonaparte is valued at £80,000, in addition to which she leaves a quantity of jewellery and numerous objects of art. With the exception of a few special bequests, Prince Louis Bonaparte, Reuter states, is the sole legatee.

To-Day's Arrangements.

General.

Mr. Chamberlain, as Chancellor of Birmingham University, presides at a lecture by the Principal, Sir Oliver Lodge, on "Radiation and its Meaning."

Duke of Marlborough attends Dinner of Liverpool Chamber of Commerce.

Royal Institution: Professor Ray Lankester on "Extinct Animals," Lecture IV., at 8.

Lord Piness, V.C., 16th Lancers, and Miss bridge, S.W., at 2.30.

Mr. W. J. Bull, M.P. for Hammersmith, and Miss John Brandon, at St. Peter's Church, Hammersmith, at 2.30.

Sales.

Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore-street, W.

Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly-circus.

Peter Robinson, Oxford-street, W.

Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford-street, W., and Vere-street.

Valerie, 12, New Burlington-street.

Norman & Stacey, Tottenham Court-road.

Gainsboro', Hanover-square.

Lewis & Allenby, Regent-street and Conduit-street.

Russell, Sidney-place, Wardour-street.

Macl Taylor, Sloane-street, S.W.

Theatres.

*Adelphi, "Little Hans Andersen," 2; "The Earl and the Girl," 8.15.

Apollo, "Madame Sherry," 8.15.

Comedy, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.

*Court, "Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit," and "Snow-drop," 8.15.

Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.

Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.

*Drury Lane, "Humpty Dumpty," 1.30 and 7.30.

Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.

Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.

*Garrick, "Water Babies," 2.15; "The Cricket on the Hearth," 8.15.

Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.

His Majesty's, "The Darling of the Gods," 8.15.

Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.

Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzic," 8.

*New, "Alice Through the Looking-glass," 2.30 and 8.15.

Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.

Royalty, "Der Veilchenfresser," 8.15.

St. James's, "The Professor's Love Story," 8.30.

Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.

*Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 2.30 and 8.15.

*Vaudeville, "The Cherry Girl," 2 and 8.

Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 8.

Alhambra, "Carmen," doors open 7.45.

Empire, "Vineland," doors open 7.45.

*Hippodrome, "The Elephant Hunters," 2 and 8.

Palace, New Bioscope Pictures, 8.

*Matinées are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

RUSSIA'S REPLY.

NOT YET DELIVERED, BUT BELIEVED
TO BE TEMPORISING.

A MYSTERIOUS VESSEL.

It is believed that Russia's reply to the Japanese Note has been drawn up, though it has not yet been communicated to the Japanese Government.

It is officially announced at St. Petersburg that the outlines of Russia's decision have already been forwarded to Admiral Alexieff, and Reuter's Pekin correspondent says that Count Lamsdorff promised to hand the reply to the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg on Saturday.

At the Japanese Embassy in London no news had been received of the reply having been delivered. There is good reason to believe that Russia has neither refused nor accepted Japan's proposals, and further negotiations, possibly of a protracted character, may be anticipated.

Japan Consults the Powers.

A message from Tokio states that Japan, after her last Note to Russia, sent instructions to her representatives abroad directing them to communicate to the various Powers the substance of the Russo-Japanese communications on the Far Eastern question.

This explanation of her position is interpreted in Tokio as leaving no doubt as to Japan's intention to take serious steps should Russia continue to trifle with the situation.

Another striking piece of news is that part of the Reserves of the Second Japanese Army Division have been called out. The naval authorities are buying up large quantities of coal, and there was a heavy fall in securities on the Stock Exchange yesterday.

Japanese officers have been recalled from their studies in Germany and elsewhere.

On the Russian side the warships which have been lying at Malta have sailed eastward, and the squadron at Bizerta will leave in a few days.

It is believed that the Far Eastern question was the subject of consideration at a conference yesterday between Mr. Balfour and the naval members of the Defence Committee, when Lord Lansdowne was present.

Mysterious Vessel with a London Crew.

The *Daily Mirror* learns on good authority that a mysterious vessel has been commissioned and will sail shortly from an Italian port for Yokohama.

A gentleman, who was last week staying at a London hotel, has been busy engaging a crew of twenty-two men for service in this vessel. She is commanded by a British captain, and it is expected she will sail under the Japanese flag.

The men engaged sign on under conditions which appear significant. Their expenses to Italy are fully paid, and at least a month of service at excellent pay is guaranteed.

It will be remembered that at the time of the Cuban war a mysterious vessel left the Thames and subsequently appeared in South American waters as a ship of war.

REFERENCES REQUIRED.

The troubles and trials of the shop assistant are many, but perhaps the most serious is the system of granting, or not granting, references and characters.

At present when a shop assistant leaves a situation he does not receive a written character, but refers his new employer—when he has found one—to his old one. When he has done so the matter is entirely out of his hands. The communications between the two employers are "privileged," and the unlucky assistant has no means of knowing what may have been said about him.

The secrecy of these communications is not the only grievance. The "custom of the trade" is not to engage a shop assistant without a reference from the last employer, but there is no means by which an employer can be forced to furnish a reference—good, bad, or indifferent.

The Amalgamated Society of Shop Assistants has been at work on this question of references for some time now, and a Parliamentary bill has been drafted, though no action will be taken until after the next Trades Union Congress.

PROMPT WAY WITH A WIDOW.

The case of a widow who becomes a drunkard presents unusual difficulties, for there is no one who can take proceedings under the Inebriates Act. But the explanation given to the North London magistrate yesterday for the non-appearance at his court on Saturday of a woman charged with drunkenness showed how soon seized the opportunity of dealing with his widowed mother, whose intemperate habits had become intolerable.

He bailed her out from the police station, got her to sign a document voluntarily undertaking to enter an inebriates' home, telegraphed to a home at Bristol, and, receiving a reply that there was a vacancy, at once saw her safely installed in the home.

Mrs. Brown Potter is understood to have sold the rights in her famous fiscal song to the People's Musical Publishing Company, Ltd., of Paternoster-lane, who propose to publish a million copies of it.

CUT-THROAT'S VENGEANCE.

Sister Murdered for Defending
Her Brother.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Monday.

Last night the inhabitants of one of the sections of the Charronne were startled by the report of several revolver shots, and when the police came on the scene they found a young woman, Mme. Clauer, lying on the pavement bleeding profusely from five wounds.

She was conveyed to the Hospital Tenon. One of her aggressors, known by the nickname of Baragoule, was arrested later in the evening. Through his confession it is said that Mme. Clauer was the victim of the vengeance of one of those bands of desperate ruffians who are the terror of outlying districts of Paris.

One evening last week Mme. Clauer and her brother Henri were drinking in a wine shop in the neighbourhood when an evil-looking man, Baragoule himself, came forward, and, addressing Henri, invited him to come outside and settle a grudge he had against him for enticing away Baragoule's sweetheart, a beautiful young woman known in her quarter as "Red-haired Melie."

The two men adjourned to a side-street, and, armed with daggers, fought like demons. Henri was getting the worst of it, and it was evident he could not stand up to his antagonist much longer, when a woman, who had been invisible to the combatants, sprang out of the darkness, and, bounding upon Baragoule, plunged a long knife into his breast.

The wounded man fell with a cry to the earth.

Contrary to all expectations, however, he recovered from his wound, and as soon as he left the hospital he commenced a search for Mme. Clauer, the woman who had saved her brother from his vengeance.

Last night as she was leaving the house of a friend she was suddenly surrounded by a band of cut-throats, and, before she had time to scream, six revolvers were discharged point blank at her.

Not one of the shots missed—Baragoule had accomplished his cowardly vengeance.

NOTED DETECTIVE RETIRES.

A noted thief-taker has just retired from the Berks Constabulary in the person of Supt. Borlase, who, for the last thirty-five years, has been active in the county that contains Windsor Castle and the Ascot race-course.

Whenever the King or Queen or any other crowned head travelled on the Great Western line, it was Supt. Borlase's duty to search and guard the mile of railway arches that lead into Windsor. These investigations, happily, were always fruitless.

Supt. Borlase, although retiring, has one little affair which he hopes to settle before enjoying his pension. The burglars who broke into Lady Mary Currie's house at Clewer Hill and made off with £500 worth of jewellery are still at large. Mr. Borlase has discovered a clue which he hopes will enable him to close his career with a final notable capture.

PUZZLE OF A NUN'S PROPERTY.

The Chilean Consul-General at Paris (says Reuter) has opened an inquiry into the death of Mlle. Maria de la Luz Cousino, a young Chilean lady residing in the Convent of the Assumption at Passy.

The lady bequeathed the whole of her considerable fortune to a Parisian broker, M. Roland Gosselin. In the death certificate Mlle. Cousino is described as a nun, and according to the law of Chile the property of a nun goes to her family.

The nuns of the Convent declare that the lady was not a nun, and used to go to Paris in fashionable attire. M. Gosselin does not know why the lady made him her heir.

POLICE CAPTURE OVERCOATS-AND MEN.

It is considered derogatory to the dignity of a policeman to betray surprise at the most unexpected occurrence, but a Southwark sergeant had his composure sorely tried in the early hours of yesterday morning when, as he passed down Borough-road, a man descended from a hoarding into his arms.

His curiosity was aroused by this strange event and he asked for an explanation, at the same time becoming aware that the man was wearing two overcoats. The adjacent premises were searched and another man was found. This man was wearing no fewer than four overcoats!

Both men have been committed for trial as alleged burglars.

THE MISSING TRANSPORT.

The French Minister of Marine, Reuter states, has received the following telegram from the commander of the warship *Galilee*: "Tangier, January 4: The Vienne is not on the west coast of Morocco. We are going to search off Cape St. Vincent, outside the Trade Routes."

WINDFALL FOR A LIBRARY.

The Pusey Library, at Oxford, has a windfall through the will of the late Mr. John William Cudworth, of Leeds, who left £134,781.

The library will benefit to the extent of considerably over £70,000.

CORNISH RADIUM.

Can Cornwall's Unique Radium
Mine Be Worked?

Cornwall is vastly excited over the story that it is the repository of a quantity of radium. Cornwall thinks that it has within its borders a mine containing the stuff which has been valued at anything from £750,000 to £10,000,000 per ounce.

The one man in London who knows all about this mine is Mr. T. H. North, a mining expert, of Clement's-lane.

Regarding the mine Mr. North was very positive; regarding the radium somewhat dubious.

Since 1889 Mr. North has been managing director of a small company known as the Uranium Mines, Ltd., which has worked, at first successfully, a lode of pitch-blende in Brannel, Cornwall. This is the mine which ought to, and perhaps does, contain radium.

It lies two miles north-east of Grampound Road, in Brannel, on a hillside overlooking the beautiful valley of the River Fal. There is £10,000 worth of machinery at the mine, and thirty fathoms of water. There is also evidence in mounds of "tailings" of the fact that hundreds of tons of pitchblende have been taken out and treated for the production of uranium oxide. Altogether, thousands of pounds of oxide, valued at from ten to twenty shillings a pound, have been produced at this mine.

Why, then, has the mine ceased working? Mr. North declares that the mine could be worked again in a week if anyone had the courage to risk a small fortune on starting work again where the uranium miners left off.

To be absolutely accurate, one may say that a radium mine once existed here. Today it is too late to say whether there was much or little radium in the pitchblende. One thing is certain. Large quantities of the "tailings," the refuse left after the extraction of the pure uranium oxide, have been examined for radium without success by Mr. Benedict Killo, the famous City metallurgist and analyst.

LEARNING BY HEART

May, Thinks an Education Expert,
Lead to Appalling Results.

"Although they wrote it all by rote
They did not write it right."

That was, we are told, the melancholy fate of certain undergraduates in examination. To such has come a consoling message from Mr. G. H. Archibald, of Montreal.

To a meeting of the Sunday School Union last night he remarked that teachers were in the habit of talking above the mind of the learner.

Learning by heart, he said, was useless unless the children understood the meaning of what they were saying. He instanced this point by showing a chart on which a boy had written the "Rule, Britannia!" he was supposed to have learnt.

It began like this:—

"Royl Brick Tanner Brick Tanner rules the ways,"

and continued:—

"The nations not so blest has he but still
In stern but still stern to God must all
This was the chilter the chilter of the
Strang Rubyanyanya bitanya waves the waves,
For Britains never shall be slaves."

POLITICAL DUEL-ENGLISH STYLE.

Mr. Wanklyn, M.P. for Central Bradford, has received a reply to his offer to vacate his seat that Mr. Harold Cox, the secretary of the Cobden Club, might contest the division on the fiscal question.

In reply to this sporting offer, Mr. Cox, writing to the "Times," says that, personally, he would be delighted to take up the gauntlet, but that he could not do so without consulting the free traders of the division, nor would he like to burden the scanty funds of the Cobden Club with his election expenses.

In a sarcastic rejoinder Mr. Wanklyn says he will resign the seat and begin a fresh contest as soon as each side has deposited £2,000 with the editor of the "Times" for election expenses.

FREE TRADERS' PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

The Opposition's Parliamentary plan of campaign with regard to the fiscal question is being evolved. An endeavour will be made so to phrase the amendment to the Address as to secure for it the support of Parliamentary members of the Unionist Free Food League. If this be found impracticable it is expected that two free-trade amendments will be moved—one dealing with support directly given by members of the Government to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, the other having reference mainly to the retaliation policy advocated by the Prime Minister. These, however, will be only two out of a shoal of amendments.

It is not, however, expected that the fiscal debates will occupy the principal part of the Session.

GUILTY BY WIRE.

John Matthews, a Glynccorwg collier, has pleaded guilty to being drunk and disorderly in a somewhat original manner. Yesterday, at Aberavon, the magistrates fined him 5s. and costs.

Matthews sent the following telegram to the Bench: "John Matthews, 'Guilty.'"

BRITISH VICTIMS AT CHICAGO.

OFFICER'S DAUGHTERS REPORTED
AMONG THE DEAD.

THE KAISER ALARMED.

It is reported, says Reuter, that Miss Maria and Miss Ellie Fair, daughters of Major Alexander Fair, a retired officer of the British Army, were among the victims of the Chicago fire.

As a result of the Chicago fire, Reuter's Berlin correspondent telegraphs that the Kaiser has determined to close the Royal Opera House in Unter den Linden owing to a report presented by the chief of the Berlin police and fire brigade drawn up after a thorough examination of the theatre by a number of experts on Saturday.

The Emperor has ordered that a number of additional exits from the stage should be made, and that the present wooden staircases should be rendered fireproof. The opera house will be closed to-day and the necessary alterations will be immediately begun.

The "Lokalanzeiger" states that the reconstruction of the stage of the Royal Theatre has also been decided upon.

Echoes of the Fire.

The nervousness of Chicago audiences at present is illustrated by a panic which broke out in one of the South Chicago churches during the funeral of a victim of the fire. It appears, Reuter's correspondent states, that a fire broke out close to the church. A shout outside at once brought the mourners to their feet. Smoke was blown in from the street, and as soon as this was observed a rush ensued which two policemen were powerless to stay. Fortunately no one was hurt.

In order to provide employment for 1,500 men and women, many of whom are comparatively destitute, the Chicago theatrical managers yesterday petitioned the City Council to be allowed to open their theatres in the evening, proposing to admit the public only to the lower floor.

With considerable presence of mind, Mr. Arthur Powell, the chief comedian in "My Lady Molly," at the Gardens Theatre, Folkestone, tore down a decorated wire which became ignited during the performance on Saturday evening. All danger of a serious outbreak was thus averted, as the flames were at once put out. The audience, recognising Mr. Powell's coolness, and noticing that his hands had been burnt, greeted him with loud applause when the play was resumed.

POISON MISTAKEN FOR DRINK.

Two curious deaths from misadventure occupied the attention of coroners' juries in London yesterday.

In the first case, John Cooper, a man of fifty, living at Hammersmith, had purchased a toy motor for his child. His grown-up son prepared a solution of chromic acid to work the toy, and the father, returning at night, drank the poisonous liquid in mistake for stout.

The second case was that of Francis Duffield, living in the St. Pancras district, who drank a quantity of ammonia in the belief that it was whisky. The ammonia was sold unlabelled, and the coroner adjourned the inquiry for the attendance of the shopkeeper from whom it was purchased.

GLADYS, THE DETECTIVE.

Mary Shepherd, who hails from Canning Town, is forty-six years old, and Gladys Pitt, whose father keeps a boot shop in Barking-road, is only fourteen, but, despite the disparity in their ages, she has proved more than a match for Mrs. Shepherd.

When the lady of mature age had left after a visit to the boot shop in Barking-road on Saturday night Gladys noticed a pair of boots were missing. So she followed, and as Mrs. Shepherd entered a pawnbroker's shop Gladys went in also and asked what was being pawned. She was shown a pair of boots from her father's stock.

Mrs. Shepherd is now spending a month in gaol.

TWO MILLION MOLESKINS.

The preference for moleskin shown this winter by Parisiennes, following the example of Queen Alexandra, has had a curious effect in Normandy and other provinces of France, where the mole was at one time very plentiful.

Formerly those who caught moles were paid one penny per skin, but two months ago one of the largest furriers offered fourpence a skin, and in six weeks he received nearly two million skins.

The result is that it is now hardly possible to find a mole in certain districts.

THE WRONG JEWELS.

The Frenchman Etienne Ondella and his wife, who were arrested last week on the charge of receiving jewels stolen from the murdered French beauty, Mlle. Fougere, have been released.

At Bow-street yesterday the magistrate said none of the jewellery found in their possession corresponded with the missing valuables, and they evidently had nothing to do with the matter.

THE SECOND TEST MATCH.

DEADLY BOWLING ON A TRICKY WICKET.

PROSPECTS OF AN EXCITING FINISH.

The second Test match between England and Australia, at Melbourne, is now in a most interesting position. With five wickets in hand the Englishmen possess a lead of 267, so that, in the event of the weather remaining fine to-day and the wicket making normal improvement, it would be hard to say which side has the better of the game. England, as a matter of fact, have only four wickets to fall, for R. E. Foster will be unable to bat, so that it is very doubtful whether the Australians will be set more than 300 runs to get to win—a by no means impossible task if the wicket be found to have fully recovered from the recent heavy rains.

Play could not be started yesterday morning until one o'clock, and it was soon seen that the wicket was in a very bad state. The overnight total of 306 for six wickets was only increased by 9. Tyldesley failed to add to his score of 97, and Relf, Lilley, and Fielder could do nothing with the bowling of Trumble and Howell. The last-named came out with the capital bowling analysis of four wickets for 43 runs, but Trumble proved rather expensive, his four wickets costing him 107 runs.

The wicket played very queerly when Trumper and Duff faced Rhodes and Hirst. Trumper was missed with his score at 3, but afterwards played brilliant cricket. He, however, could get no one to stay with him, Duff leaving at 14, Hill and Noble both at 23, and Gregory ten runs later. The first stand of the innings was made when Hopkins joined Gregory, the batsmen hitting out in fine style and taking the total to 67 before Hopkins was easily caught at square-leg by Strudwick, fielding as a substitute for K. E. Foster.

Trumper, although he made a few fluky strokes and gave one or two more chances to the English fieldsmen, continued to play magnificent cricket.

The Australians finished up their first innings for 122. Most of the damage was done by Rhodes, who captured seven wickets for 56 runs.

The Englishmen started their second innings 193 runs to the good. The start was, however, a very bad one, Warner and Hayward both being dismissed before double figures had been reached.

Tyldesley played the forcing game to per-stayed with him until the total had reached 27. Afterwards Rhodes and Hirst gave play ceased for the day the score had only fallen, Tyldesley being not out 48.

England, with five men out, are now 267 ahead. Scores:—

ENGLAND.		Second Innings.	
P. F. Warner, c Duff b		68	c Trumper b Saunders 3
Hayward, c Gregory b		58	c Trumper b Trumble... 48
Hopkins, c Trumble b		97	not out..... 48
R. E. Foster, retired		40	absent..... 0
Trumble, c Howell b		20	b Saunders..... 3
R. H. Howell, c		2	
Hill, c Noble b Howell		2	
Rhodes, c Noble b Howell		2	
Lilley, c Trumble b		3	
Fielder, c Howell b		4	
Relf, c Trumble b		4	
Extras		1	
Total	315	Total (6 wickets)..... 74	

AUSTRALIA.	
V. Trumper, c Tyldesley b Rhodes	74
R. A. Duff, c Lilley b Rhodes	10
C. Hill, c Rhodes b Hirst	5
M. A. Noble, c Rhodes b	5
S. E. Gregory, c Hirst b Rhodes	1
H. Trumble, c Hirst b Rhodes	1
W. W. Armstrong, c b Relf	48
W. J. Kelly, run out b Rhodes	1
J. V. Saunders, not out.....	2
Extras	1
Total	122

BOWLING ANALYSIS.	
ENGLAND.—First Innings.	
Trumble	50 10 7 4
AUSTRALIA.—First Innings.	
Rhodes	15 2 56 7
Hirst	8 1 33 1
Braund	5 0 20 0

—Reuter's Special.

IF THEY TAKE THE VEIL.

Enthusiasm for the cause of Roman Catholicism is revealed in the will of the late street-glass manufacturer, the Birmingham who has already provided for his daughters vides £2,000 for any other of his children taking the veil.

THE SKATERS' DEATH-ROLL.

In Lancashire alone during the past few days there have been no less than seven lives lost through skating accidents. In addition to those already reported it is an engineer, has been drowned at Pendlebury.

CITY APACHE.

Office Boy Attacks His Principal With an Axe.

An office in Cannon-street is hardly the war-path known to students of Red Indian literature, but, still, it seemed sufficiently inviting to call out the scalping tendencies of Thomas Schütz, a German office-boy, seventeen years old, employed by Mr. Lane, the secretary of various companies.

Lacking the tomahawk of fiction, Schütz armed himself with the hatchet of reality, that, more often than not, serves to chop firewood in the backwoods of suburbia.

Towards eleven o'clock yesterday morning Schütz seized his axe, which, carefully folded in brown paper, he had brought with him from the ancestral wigwam, and, entering his principal's private office with a letter which he himself had folded and addressed, opened with a terrible blow that took Mr. Lane on the back of the head.

Mr. Lane, who is young and active, called for help and tried to close with the lad, but two more blows followed the first, and Schütz's employer, already stunned and bleeding, fell senseless on the office floor.

By now a lady typist and a clerk had appeared on the scene. The boy coolly hurled his axe at the prostrate form of Mr. Lane, missing his mark and damaging the plaster of the wall. Then, before anybody had time to intervene, he stepped out of the office and was lost in the crowded street outside.

Mr. Lane, lying in a pool of blood, was just able to state who it was that had assaulted him, and to add, "He must have been mad." He was taken to Guy's Hospital, where, although suffering from several bad cuts on the head, he is progressing favourably.

Schütz, so far, has not been arrested. He is described as a morose and sullen lad, who had always been treated with kindness by Mr. Lane, and only a temporary attack of insanity can, it appears, explain his conduct of yesterday morning.

LOOPING THE AIR.

The Empire, last night, while providing a new sensation for that section of the public which likes to see other people performing dangerous feats, showed that the management not only provides fine fireworks but keeps them full of water.

The sensation is a new form of "Looping the Loop," in which the top part of the loop is missing, and the cyclist jumps across the gap, a distance of about eighteen feet, head downwards.

When the cyclist had successfully performed his sensational feat, he did not reappear before the curtain in response to the applause. Just as the audience began to imagine that there had been an accident he came on to the stage and, though dripping wet and bleeding from a slight cut on his chin, explained that he had "fallen into a fire bucket," but was quite unhurt.

A HARE IS HIS BETE NOIR.

A partiality for hares is undoubtedly a great disadvantage to a man if, like Joseph Quincey, whom Mr. Plowden, the Marylebone magistrate, sentenced to a month's imprisonment yesterday, he takes it "for a game." Unfortunately, it was recalled that Joseph had indulged in the same sort of "game" with two hares last October.

Mr. Plowden showed a measure of sympathy for the delinquent's weakness. "You are," he said, "an honest man, I believe, except when you see hares. Then your honesty completely breaks down. It's a good thing you don't live where hares are abundant."

YESTERDAY'S SPORTS.

RACING—THIS YEAR'S DERBY.

This year's Derby, which will be run for on June 1, was again the medium for speculation at the chief sporting resorts in town yesterday, when a fair amount of wagering transpired.

St. Amant is still first in demand, an item of 500 to 100 being booked to the son of St. Frusquin. An offer to continue business at the same rate of odds, however, met with no response. Henry the First advanced in favour, a wager of 500 to 100 being accepted, and again wanted, while to the above-named pair coupled 500 to 200 was noted.

Of the others mentioned yesterday, Connell, who won the latest Sapling Stakes at Sandown Park, this being his only appearance in public last year, was backed at 200 to 1.

The French colts, Ajax and Gouverneur, who were jointly supported at 100 to 15, are both sons of Flying Fox, the triple crown winner.

For the Windsor meeting to-day there were not many overnight arrivals, but many horses are under orders. The following appear to have chances of success:—Mill Maiden Hurdle—Duchess or Lady Votey; Sir Stickle-chase—Mr. Bottomley's selected or Boreen II.; Eton Hurdle—Mark Time or Cheriton Belle; Island Hurdle—Manhattan Boy or Gollandfield; Dutch Steeplechase—Shaftebury or Nora Crinia II.; Park Steeplechase—Lord James or Kentmere.

WRESTLING.

Some exciting sport was witnessed at the Oxford Theatre of Varieties yesterday afternoon, when the international wrestling tournament in the catch-as-catch-can style, for prizes amounting to £250 and the world's championships, was commenced.

Cherhillod (Switzerland), the heavy-weight champion, who had a rough passage when crossing from the Continent on the previous day was allowed to postpone his bout until to-day.

Two other bouts, viz., those between Max Muller (London) versus Will Joyce (Hindley), and Laurat Nielsen (the middle-weight champion of Denmark) versus Joe

MURDER OR SUICIDE?

Sordid Affair with an Element of Mystery.

The otherwise sordid affair of the death of Dora Kiernicke, a Polish woman living in Whitfield-street, one of the shabby thoroughfares off Tottenham Court-road, has the element of mystery which is always interesting. The inquest held yesterday has thrown light on some of the doubtful points; but others still remain.

The woman, whose life-story was that of many others in this neighbourhood, was found on Wednesday lying on her bed with her throat cut. The door was locked; a broken lamp lay on the floor; but there was no trace of any weapon with which death could have been caused.

The evidence disposes of the theory of robbery as a motive for murder. It was first stated that £8 and some rings had been stolen from the dead woman, but nearly the whole of the money and the jewellery have since been found in her apartment. Further, two medical men, one of them the well-known Home Office expert, Dr. Pepper, are of opinion that the wound was self-inflicted, though they admit that it might conceivably have been caused by another person.

No Decision Yet.

The theory of suicide, however, has this difficulty—where is the weapon? The wound, the doctors say, could not be inflicted by glass from the broken lamp, and no knife or razor has been found. Then there were bruises on the body, but these could be accounted for by falls. The medical belief is that death came very slowly, and that after the wound in the throat had been inflicted the woman either got on to the bed herself or was lifted on to it.

A foreign lodger in the house—the various witnesses spoke French, German, Dutch, and Russian—told how he heard the cry of a woman about six o'clock on Wednesday morning. There were three loud shouts as if for help; then there was a fall and the breaking of glass, and a succession of moans. This witness, however, could not tell whether there was more than one person in the room, and thus his evidence threw little real light on the secret.

The inquest was adjourned in order that portions of the body should be analysed.

WHY IT FREEZES AND THAWS.

Dr. Hampson's Ice Lecture for Young People.

For the rising generation the phenomena of nature will soon have no mysteries, and the "Why child" will cease to exist.

To the parent's plaint that the thaw has burst the waterpipes and spoilt the drawing-room ceiling, the intelligent boy or girl who was at Dr. William Hampson's ice lecture yesterday, at the London Institute, will make reply that it was not the thaw but the frost which caused the water to expand, so that what in a liquid state was happy and contented in ten cubic inches of space, now, as a solid, must have eleven inches, or burst—the water-pipes; the extra pressure only being made apparent by the liquefaction.

With expansion naturally comes a corresponding lightness, and—what may point an additional moral to the Royal Humane Society's prohibitions—whilst the youthful skater will thus account satisfactorily for the floating of the ice on the pond, he or she will also take heed that ice does not form on the top until the whole of the water beneath has gradually sunk to the chilling temperature of only 4 degrees centigrade.

GOLF AND FOOTBALL.

Although it is quite probable that James Braid, the open champion of 1901, will accept the post of professional at the new course which is being laid out at Tadworth, near Epsom, the matter is not yet definitely settled. Braid is still at Romford, where he has been professional for about eight years.

The Corinthians sustained another defeat in their northern tour at Birmingham yesterday, Aston Villa beating them by 2 goals to 1. Although playing away from home, Plymouth Argyle defeated Southampton in the Western League by 2 goals to 1. Brentford, on their own ground, beat Kettering in a Southern League game by 4 goals to 2.

SPORTS AT OLYMPIA.

Georges Hackenschmidt, the celebrated Russian wrestler, made his first appearance at the National Sports Exhibition at Olympia—yesterday afternoon, when he met George Cooper, of Tottenham. At the end of three minutes wrestling neither could claim any advantage, but then the Russian fastened several dangerous holds on Cooper, who, however, managed to break them. But Hackenschmidt continued his aggressive tactics, and pinned Cooper down in 11 min 45 sec.

H. B. Howard (England) won a one mile international race by half a length from T. James (Wales), in 2 min. 34 3/4 sec.

UNHAPPY SERBIA.

DISCOVERY OF A PLOT TO MURDER KING PETER AND THE REGICIDES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Vienna, Monday.

Last week unhappy Serbia was again nearly plunged in the horrors of a blood-stained coup d'etat.

For several days persistent rumours were flying about as to a plot to murder King Peter and regicide officers who surround him. At last the truth came out. Two men were arrested in Buda-Pesth, and the whole plot laid bare. The authorities have done their best to keep the matter secret, but they have not been able to hide the fact that there was a plot, and that the two men arrested were connected with it.

Curiously enough, the "Novosti," St. Petersburg, has published an article asserting that such was the state of Serbia that the Powers would gradually withdraw their representatives, and she would sink into the condition of a province of Austria if nothing was done to purify the Government. Another coup d'etat, said the journal, was sure to come, and, following it, armed intervention by the Powers.

CHILDREN ON THE STAGE.

Unusual Application by a Lady of Title.

The experience of hearing a lady of title apply to him for licences for two small girls to appear in a music-hall sketch was one with which Mr. Cluer, the Worship-street magistrate admitted yesterday he had previously been unfamiliar.

During the afternoon sitting at his court a gentleman, accompanied by a lady, who was wearing a heavy veil, and two little girls, had entered the witness-box. On hearing the application the magistrate asked for particulars of the performance, and the man explained that the children were wanted to take part at seven and ten o'clock each evening in a school sketch on the stage of the Hoxton Theatre of Varieties. They were a Lady Mansel's children, he said.

Mr. Cluer was curious to know more about Lady Mansel. "Who is Lady Mansel, and what is she?" he asked. "She is a well-known burlesque actress," the applicant replied, "and has these children for the sketch."

Lady Mansel herself then came forward, and told the magistrate that the children took part in a sketch called "The Concert Rehearsal," and that they were over eleven years of age.

Mr. Cluer: If you are a burlesque actress you make income enough to do without these children.

Lady Mansel: I have no income.

Mr. Cluer: Whose children are they? Some belong to Bristol, some to Swansea.

At this point it was stated that Lady Mansel had adopted the children, but Mr. Cluer said he must have evidence as to their parents. The applicants subsequently left the court without having obtained the licences, but it was understood that later in the day, a suitable matrimonial arrangement had been secured to look after the children, the necessary permission for their appearance at the music-hall was granted.

Lady Mansel was formerly on the music-hall stage, and was married to the late Sir Richard Mansel about 1837.

STOCK EXCHANGE FEELS BETTER.

Saturday's pessimism on the Stock Exchange proved to be of nothing worth. The small dealers then in the market were afraid of being loaded up with stock, in the absence of their more numerous customers, and the latter came back to business yesterday, after the New Year's holidays, all the forenoon seemed to vanish.

In fact, the market was a very different one from one thing some of the foreign courses were buying, and there were various satisfactory rumours current as to peace prospects, while the American market was very confident indeed at one time. The American finance houses are not losing any opportunities to attract the public by a show of rising prices. They have very much stock to sell.

There was one mishap during the day. Mr. Albert J. H. Smith, a broker in a small way of business, had got out of his debt, and came under the fatal "hammer." The official notice of his "default" was issued yesterday evening.

It was the carry-over day in Consols, in connection with the monthly settlement. It showed that the speculation for the rise had been much reduced in volume, and that a considerable amount of gambling for the fall is going on. So that Consols, as a stock, are in a more satisfactory position. The new Loan Stock is called 4 premium, but there is very little willingness to deal at the price, and it seems to be meeting with a lukewarm reception.

There was some good news for Mexican investors in the decision to adopt the gold standard gradually. Moreover, Mexican investors like rising silver prices, and yesterday they saw silver rising on Indian and Chinese buying.

There was a smart rally in Russian, Chinese, and Japanese bonds, which were at first thought probable. Speculators for the fall at the close of Saturday's market. Home Railway stocks are absolutely without business, and so were not much helped by the general rally. In fact, most railway stocks, including the Colonial and Foreign groups, were unsatisfactory, and there was selling of Americans at the close on German account.

Paris and the Hebrew finance houses seemed at one time inclined to buy Kaliks. There was very little encouragement for miners, however.

The revolution in Uruguay naturally affected Uruguayan bonds and railway securities adversely, for it seemed very serious than was at first thought probable. Bank shares are depressed, for, owing to the great fall in the value of securities, it has been necessary to appropriate large sums for the purpose of maintaining them. Otherwise the banking dividends are not working out at all badly.

Mr. Bottomley's Associated Financial Corporation is in need of more money again, and Mr. Bottomley issues another circular asking for support. After the previous losses this support is not likely to be forthcoming.

THE CRAZE FOR TITLES.

WHY THE QUEENS OF THE DOLLAR MARRY IMPECUNIOUS NOBLEMEN.

The recent marriage of Miss Golet to the Duke of Roxburghe has called attention afresh to the marked preference which American heiresses display for titled suitors.

According to the Democratic theories in which Americans profess to believe hereditary titles should be regarded with scorn and contempt. And Americans are fond of declaring that American husbands make the best husbands in the world.

But despite all this the American girl, with that freedom of choice which a large fortune gives, exhibits a strong partiality for foreign wooers of noble birth.

It may be assumed that American women know their own countrywomen best, and can therefore best account for it. On the occasion of a previous ducal marriage, in which an American bride figured, a New York newspaper propounded this query to several prominent New York women, "Why do American girls crave titles?" Their answers, some of which are here reproduced, will be of interest to English women.

"The craving for titles," said Miss Adele Fielde, "I think, arises very largely from the fact that we have no titles of our own, and things distant and unknown always appear to be of greater value than those with which we are familiar.

"Moreover, although money is esteemed in this country beyond its true deserts, American heiresses have the feeling that they would like to be esteemed for something that indicates greater refinement than does the possession of dollars.

"They have an idea that rank means intrinsic nobility, and, therefore, their aspiration, although mistaken in its foundation, is no mean one."

The Novelist's Responsibility.

Miss Jeanette Gilder, editor of the "Critic," found the explanation in the desire to get something which America could not give.

"When an American girl marries an English duke she knows that, no matter what happens in this world, when she dies she will be a duchess on her tombstone, and her sons and daughters, if she have any, will also inherit titles."

Mrs. Eliza Archer Connor, another literary woman, but guiltless of fiction, thought the novel primarily responsible for it.

Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, president of Sorosis, the premier women's club of New York, gave this explanation:—"Titles carry prestige and bring the wearer social recognition. A woman with a title has certain privileges even in these days. On the steamer on which we came back from Europe there were a titled couple.

"Lady ——— was very unassuming, and but for her title would never have attracted any attention. But because of her title she was the first lady aboard. She sat at the captain's right at table, and all the women recognised her right to that position because she was Lady ———.

"Now that is the sort of thing that goes with titles, and all women like it. I have never seen a woman who did not appreciate homage of this kind.

"Women who want titles," said Mrs. A. M. Palmer, "find many different reasons for that desire. But looking over the marriages of American heiresses to titled foreigners, I should say that most of them social ambition produced the craving for titles. Of course, lords may be as honourable as plain, untitled gentlemen, but everybody knows that no men are the equals of Americans, and none make such desirable husbands.

Their Sole Ambition.

"There is no denying that a title lends certain distinction in the country to which the girl goes, and when she comes back to this country she is a vastly more important personage than if she had married some untitled man, unless he be some great commoner or hero.

"Under these conditions the only marvel is that people should wonder why American society girls, who are brought up with no ambition but to stand at the head of their set, should strive to make a permanent position for themselves. That is the most plausible explanation."

But Mrs. Clermont L. Best found another. It was that American girls are spoiled. "American parents," she said, "sacrifice themselves for their daughters. Consequently, the petted maidens acquire the habit of attaching no importance to money.

"Human nature craves what it has not. These girls gradually learn to believe that real human happiness centres in rank and station, simply because they have all else that money can buy and yet lack something."

Mrs. Elizabeth Grannis, whose fad is social purity, held that ambitious mothers were at the bottom of it. "I don't believe," she said, "that the girls crave titles unless they are put up to it by their mothers. Surely no one can think that any American girl—great, glorious creatures that most of them are—would marry such a moral and physical specimens as the titled men who have come wife-hunting to this country if they were not put up to it by matchmaking, ambitious mothers."

"It is significant," said one woman, with that candour which naturally seeks refuge in anonymity, "that no one ever asks: Why do titled noblemen marry American heiresses?"

'Scandalous Charity.' Is Medicine a Trade?

MONEY NOT TO BE DIVERTED FROM ITS PURPOSE AFTER ALL.

"RITA'S" INDIGNATION.

Mrs. Payne, the poor woman whose trouser-making, at six farthings a pair, has so touched "the great heart," will benefit by public charity to the extent of £1 a week while her husband is in gaol. Better still, when Mr. Payne is released next November he will not have the satisfaction of spending the balance of the £144 subscribed for his wife. It will lie in the savings bank in the names of his children and the clerk of the Middlesex Sessions.

"So far, so good," said a representative of the *Daily Mirror*, when this was explained by Mr. G. B. Clark, clerk to the Brentford magistrates, yesterday, "but what about Mr. Montague Sharpe's belief that it is 'scandalous' to give so much money to this poor woman?"

"Mr. Sharpe," explained the clerk, "thought that it was scandalous that so many deserving objects should be left without support, and all this money given to one woman."

"So said the man who 'kept the bag,'" reflected the *Daily Mirror* representative.

Mr. Sharpe, however, deserves a better fate than to be compared with Judas. Whatever he may say on the bench, he has some compassion as a private individual. It is recorded that Mr. Sharpe last year assisted the wife of a man whom he had just sent to gaol for burglary. Moreover, the burglary was committed at Mr. Sharpe's own residence.

But what of Mr. Sharpe's second thoughts in the Payne case, that to send £144 to Mrs. Payne is "putting a premium on crime?" There seems something contradictory in Mr. Sharpe's character. Or must we put it down to the blighting influence of the bench, which produces so many strange judgments from the "great unpaid?"

In Stepany it is stated that Mrs. Payne is a hard-working and deserving woman.

On the whole it seems a pity that she should, in twelve months' time, be again at the mercy of the genial ruffian who allowed her to make trousers at six farthings a pair, whilst he rode to Brentford a horse which "wasn't hissen."

"PUT YOURSELF IN HER PLACE."

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

I should think that the case reported by you of the unfortunate woman supporting a family by making trousers at six farthings a pair would have aroused world-wide sympathy, instead of exemplifying the scandalous injustice of a magistrate's decision!

It is monstrous that such a man as Mr. Montague Sharpe should be on the Bench if he has the power (has he?) to direct that the subscriptions sent in by charitable persons for this poor woman should be diverted to another purpose.

What possible right had he to divert this money from its original intent? Why do the subscribers permit it? Above all, and a crowning impertinence it seems, why should this gentleman pronounce kindness and sympathy to be "scandalous generosity?"

The poor suffer enough and endure enough in their hard lives without being met by such "scandalous" interference as that of this "Chairman of the Bench." An action so unwarrantable deserves universal condemnation from all supporters of charity.

How one wishes that Mr. Montague Sharpe could be taken from his own offices and dignities and set to work six days a week at making trousers, or other garments, at six farthings a pair!

What would he think then of a dishonesty that turned a gift from its rightful object to some other channel; of a sense of justice that calls charity "scandalous?"

Writers' Club, London. "RITA."

REBUKE TAKEN TO HEART.

An admonition delivered in church by the Rev. Lemuel James, senior curate at Cadocton Barry has terminated in a summons for assault being heard at Barry, Cardiff.

The curate was the complainant. According to the evidence, a Dr. Sixsmith and his wife came to church late, and, as they continually talked to each other, Mr. James, addressing the congregation, said it was a pity that persons should make a habit of coming into church late, and disturb the congregation by talking.

Dr. and Mrs. Sixsmith went to the vestry afterwards, and it is alleged that when they learnt from the curate that his remarks applied to them, Dr. Sixsmith hit Mr. James a blow with his fist.

Yesterday a fine of twenty shillings and costs was imposed on Dr. Sixsmith.

THE GUILTY TELEPHONE.

The telephone has much to answer for besides strong language.

In a case in the City of London Court yesterday it was stated that the contract in dispute had taken place over the wire, and, of course, the two accounts of the conversation by no means agreed.

"Heaven only knows," said one of the lawyers, musingly, "how many erroneous impressions are caused by communications and contracts over the telephone—and they are ever on the increase."

A FAMOUS OCULIST'S "STRAIGHT TALK" ABOUT DOCTORS.

The professional book by the professional man is usually poor reading for the outsider. The little volume upon the trials and triumphs of the medical profession which has just been given to the world by one of its most distinguished members, Mr. Brudenell Carter, the well-known eye-surgeon at St. George's, is a brilliant exception to that rule.

It is candid, sensible, appreciative, and full of knowledge. It combines championship and criticism to an extent that one cannot remember ever having met before. Above all, it is written so as to appeal to and entertain, not doctors alone, nor doctors' friends, but everybody who has been born and is going to die, and who must accordingly confess to a personal interest in the welfare and ability of "the beloved physician."

In the first place, with all his enthusiasm for his profession, Mr. Carter admits readily and fully that this noble craft has fallen just now upon evil days, especially socially.

The medical profession (says he), apart from a few distinguished individuals, does not hold, in the estimation of the public, anything like so good a position as that which it held fifty years ago.

Starting from this, Mr. Carter proceeds to diagnose the case of the medical profession. The symptoms are, he discovers, and very truly, by no means suggestive of lack of proficiency. Among them, he confesses, is the undoubted existence of "the taint of trade," born of excessive competition. As regards this, he has an ingenious and poignant little statement to make.

Unfortunately (he remarks) the numbers of the medical profession have at least kept pace with the increase of population, and have sometimes even outstripped it; while, at the same time, the improvements in medical science have greatly diminished the number and the duration of cases of illness.

Here is indeed an honourable dilemma!

"Sheer Ignorance, Madam!"

On the other hand, if a certain lowering of social dignity has been discernible of late in the "general practitioner," as, indeed, it has been in the mass of the clergy—for the "university man" is getting less and less indispensable as raw material in both professions alike—the grievances against the "medico" are infinitesimal compared to his grievances against the outside world.

These Mr. Carter catalogues quite succinctly. There are five of them. They are—

- (1) The permitted practice of unqualified persons.
- (2) The abuse of medical charity at hospitals and dispensaries.
- (3) The diversion, to the service of the comparatively wealthy, of plans devised for the assistance of the poor.
- (4) The scanty respect shown for medical attainments and medical work in the public services.
- (5) The prevalence of "anti-ism"—"anti-vivisection, anti-vaccination, etc."

In regard to each of these grievances, it will be seen that if the doctor is beginning to act a little more like a tradesman, it is because the public are beginning to take advantage of competition, and to treat him like a trade. Ignorance—ignorance regarding the whole aim and method of medicine—both among the public and the institutions representing it—that is, says Mr. Carter, at the root of the whole thing.

The Headache and the Pill.

Of this contention he gives a little illustration as simple as it is enlightening. Someone has a headache. He—metaphorically—goes into the market and says, "I will give so much to have this headache stopped." The "patent pill" man—the tradesman, that is to say—gives him some quack specific such as "chlorodyne," particularly mentioned by Mr. Carter, and the headache goes. But the patient is not cured. Possibly he may have done his whole system harm. The popularity, for instance, of "chlorodyne" was, as Mr. Carter notes, "the means of first introducing morphia into many homes, and served to lay the foundation of the so-called 'morphia habit.'"

The physician, on the other hand, instead of merely "treating the symptom," investigates the whole physical condition of the patient. But, still, the patient feels aggrieved if he has to pay more for the physician than he did for the pill. In short, it is the "taint of trade" in the mind of the public that has given rise to the "taint of trade" in the circumstances of the doctor.

Doctor's English.

In the matter of suggestion as opposed to argument, Mr. Carter does not, one may mention, confine himself to the obvious aphorism "We must educate our masters." He says also "we must educate ourselves," and he is an emphatic upholder of improvement in the preliminary education of boys who are fated to be doctors.

He advocates this, above all, in the matter of the English language. A little more "King's English" and a little less "doctor's Latin" would, he very rightly thinks, help marvellously towards a better understanding of that good old English word "truth."

Upon other practical matters there is not a page in the book that has not sound sense written large upon it. We would commend especially Mr. Carter's belief that sixteen is, for the medical student, too early an age to begin the study of medicine, and that the age limit should be put forward at least a year.

DOCTORS AND THEIR WORK. By R. Brudenell Carter. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 6s.)

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

RIVERS THAT DO YAWN.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

The "blue-eyed scillas" are fragile spring flowers of an exquisite blue shade, and not more than three or four inches high.

Some people also have seen "rivers yawn" when the ice breaks up and the fissures widen.

ALICE WILSON FOX.

Moffatts, Hatfield, Herts.

IT HAD A MEANING.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

I am sorry that your reviewer of Mr. Austin's poem has not yet made the acquaintance of "the blue-eyed scillas."

For my part, I am always glad "to be about when they 'blow,'" and I can assure your reviewer that there is no danger whatever, "Scilla Sibirica" being merely one of the most charming of early spring flowers.

I hold no brief for the Poet Laureate, but at least let us be just to him. The meaning of the criticised passage is obvious—"through lands of winter to a land of spring."

S. C. SHARLAND.

19, Kirkgate, Ripon, Jan. 2.

ARE WOMEN MEAN?

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

If anyone in such a humble position as attendant and programme seller at a West End London theatre may be allowed to pass an opinion on the question "Are Women Mean?" I should like to say that I have been employed in the above-mentioned occupation for over five years, and only once in those five years have I received a "tip" from a lady, for which I rendered the following services:—

1. Fetched an extra wrap from her carriage.
2. Got her two extra chairs for her box.
3. Delivered a letter to the principal actor.
4. Told a certain lady in the stalls that "Lady X. would be charmed to see her in the interval."
5. And sent a telegram for her.

My "tip" was 2d.

A VOICE FROM THE FOYER.

Jan. 4.

SEVENPENCE HALFPENNY A. DAY.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

As a practical housekeeper, I have been much interested in your article on "Living on 7½d. a Day," and in the letters which have followed it. But I should like to know from the writer where her experiment was carried out. Chops at 4d. a lb. are certainly not to be obtained in the West End of London. Even "Ménagère's" single chop at that price would not be English meat, but imported.

"One who has done it," says that, had there been several to cater for, she could have brought the average down to 5d. a head per day. She must remember that with numbers she has different tastes to consider. No one would enjoy a breakfast of "steamed captain's biscuit, eaten with butter, pepper, and salt."

With numbers also the domestic problem comes in. My experience of English servants is that they know and care nothing about "scientific cooking," and are apt to bitterly resent any attempts at economy on the part of a mistress, considering it "meanness."

But your writer will have done a great service to housekeepers generally if she has roused them to consider the possibilities of carefully-thought-out menus, prepared on a scientific basis and precluding waste.

KATE MACGUTHNEIN.

Bayswater, W.

CLUB OR BOARDING-HOUSE?

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

About two weeks ago in an article on ladies' clubs you gave a description of the Twentieth Century Club at Stanley-gardens, and suggested that a boarding-house, even though called a club, remains a boarding-house pure and simple.

With all due respect I think that the insinuation here conveyed, if intended, was scarcely called for. In the first place, the club is by no means a philanthropic institution, but is run on strictly business principles, bringing in a fair profit to the proprietors. The members are almost entirely sisters, daughters, and sometimes widows, of officers or professional men.

A few days ago one of your correspondents in a very interesting interview told your readers how it was possible to live, and to live well, on 7½d. a day. It is a task somewhat of this kind which the proprietors of the Twentieth Century Club have set themselves.

The members of this club are at one and the same time independent and also provided with the protection of companionship. The old idea that a woman should be a sort of queen bee in her own hive seems to be exploded. The force of circumstances compels thousands of young ladies, who have been brought up in luxury, to earn their own livelihoods in the fierce struggle for existence. Given then this necessity, all honour is due to the public-spirited men who conceived the idea of providing for them a comfortable home.

Villeneuve, Switzerland.

"REKAB."



THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

Many a cripple from the slums of London has reason to be grateful to Princess Christian for her home at Bishopsgate, on the borders of Windsor Forest, where they spend many a happy month recruiting their health. Yesterday being Pound Day at this institution, the Princess was present and received a purse containing £25, and pounds of jam, tea, rice, and other necessities for the benefit of the home and its inmates.

A marriage will take place quietly after Easter between Lady Margaret Knowles and Mr. Reginald Nicholson. Lady Margaret, who is at present travelling with her father and mother, Lord and Lady Waldegrave, in Australia, is the widow of Mr. Alfred Millington Knowles of Colston Basset. Her grandfather, the first Lord Selborne, was better known to the world as Sir Roundell Palmer when he wrote the well-known "Hymns of Praise." The Nicholsons are very rich people. Mr. Nicholson made his fortune by distilling, and has several sons in the business. He bought Basing Park in the early 'Sixties, which must not be confounded with Basing House, which belonged to Lord Winchester in the same county, where Queen Elizabeth was once entertained.

It seems very much the fashion nowadays for members of a family to become engaged in couples. Miss Gwendolen Maxwell and Miss Angela Maxwell, and Miss Winifred Paget and Miss Beatrice Paget are instances. The latest pair of sisters to become engaged almost simultaneously are Miss Lottie Coats and Miss Maud Coats. They are the daughters of one of the members of the Paisley family, which made a fortune in the manufacture of sewing cotton. Mrs. George Coats entertains in Park-lane on a scale of magnificence not surpassed by the wives of South African millionaires. Melba and Kubelik are among the stars that scintillate at her concerts, and the drop-curtain at a performance she gave last season was composed of orchids. She does the honours no less nobly at her husband's two places in Scotland. Miss Lottie Coats is to marry Mr. Lionel Walrand, who is popular and clever, and reputed the best dancer in London, while the fiancé of her débutante sister is Lord Aberdour, eldest son of Lord Morton.

The new Lord Haldon is a man of thirty-four, who was once an officer in the Royal Fusiliers, and served in the Imperial Yeomanry during the South African war. He married Miss Lidiana Amalia Czenczka, who will be our first Russian peeress. The widowed Lady Haldon—now a dowager—was formerly Lord Barrington. For some time past she has resided for part of the year at Naples, where she and her daughters lived in considerable state. There is yet another Dowager Lady Haldon, who lives at the Manor House, Torquay. She is a widow of the first baron, and was only daughter of a dead and gone Sir Thomas Hesketh, a forbear of the present baronet.

The marriage of Lord Fincastle and Miss Dorothea Kemble, which takes place to-day, is particularly interesting, owing to the beauty of the bride and the courage as well as good looks of the bridegroom. It is the



VISCOUNT FINCASTLE, V.C.,
Who marries Miss Kemble to-day.

(Photo by Dickinson.)

crowning, too, of a romance begun some time ago. Lord Fincastle, who won the coveted V.C. while serving on the frontier in 1897, is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Dunmore, whose sympathy with Christian Science teaching is so well known. Lord Fincastle, like his compatriots, Lord Tullibardine and Lord Leva, raised a troop for service in South Africa during the late war. "Fincastle's" "Edinburgh" created something of a sensation in Edinburgh by scaling daily for some little

time Arthur's Seat—a good training for their subsequent experiences amidst South African kopjes.

Besides the marriage of Lord Fincastle and Miss Dorothea Kemble, there is, at St. Peter's, Hammersmith, that of Mr. W. J. Bull, the popular M.P. for the constituency, and Miss Lilian Brandon. To-day, also, Miss Lettice Paget, the charming younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Paget, marries Captain Bernard, eldest son of Mr. Percy Bernard, heir-presumptive to Lord Bandon. This latter wedding arouses much interest in the West of Ireland, where Mr. Bernard's picturesque home, Castle Hackett, is situated. Captain Bernard, by the way, will not inherit Castle Hackett, as he is the son of Mr. Bernard's first wife, and the property came into the family through the second wife, who was a Miss Kirwan.

Princess Louise of Orleans is the youngest sister of the Duc d'Orleans. She has been

is stored at Woburn Abbey, and only brought to London, under strict guardianship, when required for use on special occasions. But when the ninth Duke succeeded his eccentric cousin in 1873 much of this splendid plate was found on the floors of the town mansion in Belgrave-square, and some of it in a deplorable condition. It was supposed that dishonest servants had brought the gold service from Woburn, and used it when giving a ball to their friends in their employer's London residence.

Building operations are to commence shortly at the Ladies' Field Club, which is in need of larger dining-rooms. These will come at the back of the present house, which is in Dover-street, and will extend towards the Berkeley-street entrance. At this end it is proposed to raise a large house, giving additional bedrooms for members. On each floor there will be about seven rooms, and it is just possible that these may be arranged to be let in sets as furnished flats, the residents using the club service. This most enviable position—that of overlooking the delightful grounds of Devonshire House—is very sure to appeal to many club members and others who would appreciate so ideal a *piéd-à-terre* in London.

An amusing story is told about an American Consul, who has lately been obliged to resign his post in a small German principality. The Consul was a very vain man, and he took a great delight in Orders and in titles. He called himself a Doctor of Medicine and of

function. The Consul and his Orders are now travelling, and it is expected that he will continue to travel, and will not show himself again in Germany.

Sir Algernon West tells some good stories in the January "Cornhill," showing that the idea of the local habitation of Cabinet meetings has often been disturbed in the past. "I see them in old days," he says, "meeting everywhere. In Bertram Currie's house in Combe Wood is a brass tablet recording how a Cabinet was held there during a visit of Mr. Gladstone's. Another Cabinet which I recollect was adjourned from the room in Downing-street to the Garden terrace.

"To all of us the Cabinet room was a sort of political temple; but to a famous old office-keeper, Appleton, who had lived to see so many administrations, it was a veritable holy of holies.

"Come in here, sir, if you please," he one day said to a high official in the Treasury, now Lord Welby; the table had to be enlarged, and see what the Board of Works has done; they have put a leaf made of deal in the middle of the mahogany table—is that respectful?"

"My economist friend suggested that the green cloth would cover it. All he could say was: 'Is that respectful?'"

My correspondent at Cairo writes:—

"The season here has commenced, and the hotels are filled with visitors from various



The Count of Turin, who is engaged to Princess Louise of Orleans.



very simply brought up by her mother, the Comtesse de Paris, chiefly in England, and is devoted to an outdoor life, although she sings and plays very charmingly. In appearance she is not very tall, but has pretty, fair hair, is more than ordinarily good-looking, with a very sweet expression and delightful manners.

The Count of Turin, her fiancé, is a brother of the Duke of Aosta and of the Duke of the Abruzzi. Like the latter, he is a great traveller, and, in addition, a very keen sportsman and a particularly good rifle shot. He has travelled all over the world, and paid long visits to America and India. The latter was chiefly for the purpose of shooting big game, and while out tiger shooting he had many exciting adventures. He was the guest of Lord Curzon of Kedleston at Government House, Calcutta, when several big entertainments were given in his honour.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild have been entertaining a family gathering at Ascott, their place near Leighton Buzzard. Mrs. Rothschild is a clever hostess, and has many chances of practising the pleasant virtue of hospitality at Ascott, at Palace House, Newmarket, and at her London residence in Hamilton-place. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild is a man of business and also of sport and country amusements. His gardens are a special hobby, and he is greatly interested in the culture of carnations. He is one of the few private individuals who possess specimens of genuine gold plate.

The owners of gold plate—as opposed to silver plate—are few and far between. The Royal gold plate, stored at Windsor Castle, is the accumulated treasure of an historic monarchy, and contains much of the real article, as well as countless specimens of silver-gilt. Among subjects who own real gold plate may be mentioned the Dukes of Bedford, Norfolk, Newcastle, and Northumberland, Lord Bath, and Lord Fitzwilliam.

An amusing story has been told concerning the famous service of pure gold belonging to the Dukes of Bedford. This family treasure

Philosophy, although he had no right to the honours, and he always wore no less than fifteen Orders, as well as several war medals when he appeared at a fête or a Court function. Of these fifteen Orders only one belonged to him by right, namely, the Coburg House Order. The others he had brought at various times and decorated his person with them, to his own great delight. He even had the effrontery to wear the Iron Cross and several war medals, which he said

parts of the world: Queen Margherita of Italy is expected here towards the latter part of January, and the Khedive's ball is to take place on January 20. This is always a great social function, and is usually given at the Abden Palace. Ladies are, of course, invited, but are all either Christians or Jewesses, as Mohammedan women are forbidden to be present. The Khedive himself does not dance, but opens the ball by walking with one of the ladies, usually with the wife of the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps. Princess Henry of Battenberg has been entertained at dinner since her arrival by the Khedive, by Lord and Lady Cromer, and by General and Mrs. Slade. The royal party have left Cairo for a trip up the Nile, and will proceed as far as Khartoum. The Crown Prince of Siam is shortly expected, and it is possible that the Grand Duke of Hesse may put in a few weeks here. Sir Ernest Cassel, who has important affairs to look after, will arrive early in February, and amongst those who have already arrived are Lord Bute, Lord and Lady Clinton, Baron D'Eranger, Mr. Vanderbilt, and Mr. and the Misses Ritchie."



MISS DOROTHEA KEMBLE.

(Photo by Miss A. Hughes.)

he had earned during the war of 1870-71 when acting as a doctor on the side of the Germans. In Coburg he associated chiefly with officers and their families, and he was a favourite at Court and never missed a Court

A story of a miraculous escape by sea is related by Captain Dane, who has just resigned his position of senior captain to the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway's steamers. Among his passengers once were a gentleman and his son, who was mentally afflicted. The latter at an opportune moment threw himself overboard. The only witness of his action was an Italian lady, who fainted, and by the time she was able to give the alarm the ship was miles away. Captain Dane continues: "The grief-stricken father went up to town, and as soon as I could I went to the police-station to make an official report. 'That's curious!' said the inspector, 'they are just asking from Deal whether you know of a man that was picked up an hour or so ago!' 'Picked up!' I said. 'Yes, by a screw steamer, whose captain handed him to a Deal lugger.' And it actually turned out that this man was the same. Directly the young fellow fell into the water he repented of his action. struck out, and was saved."

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMAKER. COUSIN KATE.
TO-NIGHT, at 9.
Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily, 10 to 10.15.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MISTRESS SOTHERN.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
Box office 10 to 10.15. IMPERIAL, Westminster.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. ST. JAMES'S.
MR. ALEXANDER will make his RE-APPEARANCE
on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 25, when the run of OLD
HEDDERBERG will be resumed.

PERSONAL.

SILVER AND JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford-st., London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

LOST your looks? Lost your liver? Use "Hilde's Cures!"—both recover.

HINDE'S HAIR BIND. Ed. Essential new style culture.

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE.—Undetectable by one's best friend.

PUBLIC & LEGAL NOTICES.

DENIAL.
Mrs. Morgan, Hon. Manageress of London Institution for Lost and Starving Cats, 35, Ferdinand-street, Camden Town, absolutely CONTRADICTS False and Malicious REPORT circulated that this Home is closed or under New Management, or is contaminated with any other Society. All cats sent for immediately on receipt of post-card. Average 60 cats received daily. Visiting hours eleven to four; cats taken in all hours. 81,248 cats received under eight years. Report, with balance-sheet, on application. **FUNDS** Urgently **ENTREATED** for. Please Help. More ladies required to join the existing committee.

CORSETS.—DO NOT THROW AWAY
YOUR OLD FAVORITES, when properly repaired they answer in every way the purpose of a NEW PAIR. We have special workrooms for CLEANING and generally RENOVATING old corsets. We also COPY corsets in three days. An estimate is sent in every case, and if not agreed to we return corsets carriage paid.

J. ROSENBAUM and SONS, Corset Makers,
115, WESTBOURNE-GROVE, W., and branches.
Corsets made in three days from 31s. 6d.
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Situations in the commercial world to-day are impossible to the grey-haired. At forty one is rated too old. Your saving grace is SEEGER'S. Acknowledged by the Medical, Nursing, Theatrical, Law, and Banking, Literature, and Art professions, and the Navy and Army.

SEEGER'S is indisputably national in made, non-jingoistic, and in three days. It is **TEN TIMES** that of all foreign hair dyes collectively.

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All Hairdressers, Chemists, and Stores, 2s. per bottle.

BIRTHS.

GRICE.—On Dec. 30, 1903, at Belle Vue, Tonbridge, Kent, the wife of T. E. Grice, of a son.

JADINE.—On Jan. 1, at 5, High-road, Leytonstone, Essex, the wife of Frederick Raleigh JADINE, of a daughter. Indian and Colonial papers, please copy.

LILLEY.—On Jan. 2, 1904, at Beech-green, Sevenoaks, the wife of H. R. B. Lilley, of a daughter.

SQUAREY.—On the 1st inst., at Sunnyside, Higher Tranmere, Wirral, the wife of Lancelot Squarey, of a son.

WYBER.—On Dec. 31, at The Limes, St. Alban's-road, Kingston-on-Thames, the wife of W. F. Wyber, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

CASTLEDEN-THIRING.—On Jan. 2, at St. Alban's Church, Teddington, by the Rev. F. L. Boyd, Vicar of the parish, Walter Lewis, fourth son of the late F. G. Castle-eden, of Harbledown, Canterbury, to Charlotte Mary Katherine, sixth daughter of the late Major-General John Everett Thring, late R.A., and of Mrs. Thring, Lion House, Teddington.

NORRIS-GIRLING.—On the 2nd inst., at St. Matthew's, Ipswich, by the Rev. F. E. M. Girling, M.A., Rector of St. Andrew, Redd, cousin of the bride, Henry Richard Norris, M.A., B.Sc., LL.M., younger son of E. R. Norris, of Harbledown, N.W., to Elizabeth, only daughter of J. S. Girling, of Ipswich, late of Knodishall Hall, Suffolk.

SCHUBERT-PLAYFAIR.—On Dec. 16, 1903, at the English Church, the wife of Lancelot Playfair, of a son. James A. Schubert, of Hedley, Elizabeth Adamson, eldest daughter of George G. Playfair, of Riverside, Lewisham, sometime of Walsford.

DEATHS.

BREWIS.—On Dec. 31, 1903, Maria Ann (of Lincolnshire), the wife of George R. Brewis, Elmsmere, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BUSWELL.—On the 29th ult., Emily Florence, elder daughter of Charles Buswell, 169, Queen's-gate, S.W.

FEARLEY-WHITTINGSTALL.—On Jan. 1, 1904, Major George Fearnley-WhittingSTALL, late Captain XII. Lancers, in his 74th year.

GEORGE.—On Jan. 2, at 8, Westbourne-street, Hyde-park, Helen Maria, youngest daughter of the late P. George, Esq., of Bath, aged 72.

LYS.—On Jan. 2, at her residence, 37, Clarendon-square, Leamington, Charlotte Louisa, widow of Lieut.-Colonel George Moutrey Lys, C.B.

RUSSELL.—On Dec. 31, at Beaminster, Dorset, Thomas Russell, late Capt. Bedfordshire Regiment, aged 69.

TOTTENHAM.—On Jan. 1, at his residence, The Lodge, 14, Kent-st., St. Leonards-on-Sea, the Rev. T. Green, Tottenham, M.A., aged 76, very sincerely mourned. No flowers, by his special request.

YOUNGMAN.—On Jan. 2, at 13, Clarendon-road, Hampstead, Eliza Maria Youngman (late of 92, Camden-road, N.W.), in the 71st year of her age.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
2, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1986 Gerrard.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taibout.

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The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 14d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 3s. 9d.; for three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; or for a year, 39s. To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 16s. 3d.; for six months, 32s. 6d.; for twelve months, 65s.; payable in advance.

Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror* will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed plainly to the Editors, the *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on the outside envelope. It is imperative that all manuscripts should have the writer's name and address written in the first and last pages of the manuscript, not on fly-leaf only, nor in the letter that may possibly accompany the contribution.

The Daily Mirror.
TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.
A Population Problem.

When Englishmen abroad talk of Britain's unrivalled success in colonisation foreigners who have been much about the world have an awkward way of asking "What about Australia?" The query is not an easy one to answer. The wiser course is to "smiling put the question by." For a good deal of ingenuity as well as a great deal of hardihood in argument are required by anyone who tries to prove that Australia is anything but a failure from the colonisation point of view.

The Australians themselves admit it—not directly, perhaps, but certainly by implication. They are considering just now, for instance, what they can do to attract settlers. Their own birth-rate is so low that they increase very slowly. Nor are the gaps being filled up by immigration. There are, indeed, few inducements to emigrate to Australia, and such as there are the Australians have not made the most of. They have, in fact, discouraged immigration, and considering that the British population inhabits little more than the fringe of the country, they seemed to be acting not unwisely.

Now, however, they have come to the conclusion that they want people, and "a comprehensive scheme for attracting colonists from Europe" is to be discussed between the various State Governments. What the attractions will be is not stated. To induce people to go out from England there will have to be something more than the possibility of getting a bare living by strenuous toil. One of the most depressing symptoms of our degeneracy as a race is our growing unreadiness to go forth and inherit the earth. Even Canada, with her immense tracts of fertile land crying out to be cultivated, finds it difficult to secure as many colonists as she wants. The Briton to-day has lost the spirit of adventure, the self-reliance, the courage in face of hardships, which animated the founders of our Colonies.

Unless Australia can open up some new goldfields, her prospects of attracting settlers is a poor one. There are plenty of people who would go out on the chance of making money quickly. But very few will settle down to years of hard work with no more prospect than that of keeping themselves and bringing up a family. What is Australia to do? It can never be a really valuable part of the Empire unless it increases its population, and its chance of doing that appears to be small. Possibly the "oldest inhabitant" of the little Derbyshire village whence Melbourne takes its name was right after all. A visitor from Victoria was talking about the grandeur of the colonial capital, and contrasting it with the unpretentious aspect of the village. "Ah," said the old man, nettled, "but don't

you forget that this Melbourne existed hundreds of years before yours was thought of, and it'll go on existing hundreds of years after yours has been forgotten."

MUSIC AND CULTURE.

Professor Niecks, of Edinburgh, and Dr. Cummings, of the Guildhall School of Music, have both been talking about the very one-sided education administered in our schools and colleges of music. Their criticisms are thoroughly justified, since they are directed against a defect that we believe has much to do with the comparatively low average of creative ability among English musicians.

In no other art or profession is an ignorance of life and a general stagnation of intellect regarded as a sufficient equipment. In music there is, more than in any other art, an urgent necessity for cultivating the intellectual side, if only as a corrective to the over-emotional life which a study of music alone develops and aggravates. With very few exceptions all musicians who have accomplished any considerable creative work have been men and women of all-round ability and intelligence; but the average product of our music schools is very far from that.

He or she is too often grossly ignorant, odiously vain, and precocious in some of the least desirable directions. The remedy is, of course, that students of music should in the first place be required to matriculate in subjects of general educative value, and should afterwards pursue, alongside of their specialised musical training, studies which would develop their intellect and knowledge. If this were done we should see and hear less of the ignorant and precocious bundles of emotion which our music schools too often produce.

REFERENCES REQUIRED.

We see that the shop assistants—a hard-worked and by no means overpaid class—are concerning themselves about the question of references. It is an old grievance, not only with shop assistants, but with domestic servants also, but we hardly think either class will be well advised to agitate for a written "character."

The grievance is not one which concerns the really first-rate servant or assistant; where it becomes important is in the case of an employee who has not been wholly satisfactory to his or her latest employer, although perhaps the previous record has been unblemished. In such a case the written "character" could not very well be favourable, while in an interview, or by an exchange of letters, excuses might be made and explanations given which would go far to smooth the difficulty. The less formal the method of reference the more favourable to the servant.

But if written "characters" are really required, there is no better plan than that customary in Germany, where the servant has a book in which each successive employer writes the servant's "character" for the period which has come under his knowledge. Thus the servant acquires a document which contains his or her whole history as a servant, and which leaves no opportunity for malice to spoil a career.

BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

Motorists are more than ever in trouble. The new Act is in force, but still they are not exempt from being held up by the police. It was at the Piccadilly end of Shaftesbury-avenue yesterday, and Miss Dorothy Levitt was the heroine. Her somewhat rakish-looking green Gladiator car, numbered A 1—E, was coming sailing down the avenue, the driver, as usual, very spick and span, with one hand nonchalantly hanging down near her hand-brake. All went well until a hansom came round the corner and dashed into the back of the car. Policeman XYZ200 came up and proceeded to take note name and address, but letter and number, while the fair motorist tearfully claimed, "But he's knocked all the paint off the back of my tonneau." The waiting crowd merely grinned, sympathy was all for cabby, till another automobile, whose car, by the way, is numbered H—4, here in sight, and took up the cause of beauty in distress. Everything then went well. P.C. XYZ took cabby's number as well, the crowd melted, and the lady, throwing a smile to the brigand-like motor man, picked up gaily on her third speed, and flashed across the circus with visions of a new coat of paint in her mind's eye.

THE CURATE AND THE BOY.

Are they sitting there still, those two? The boy, with a beautiful name-plate sewn across his breast, sat placidly on a very high stool on one side of the aisle, munching contentedly at some buns while he cuddled lovingly a big armful of new toys and an orange!

The curate, looking weary, sat on a very infant low form opposite him, saying evil things to himself about womankind in general and that boy's mother in particular, though he kept himself from saying them aloud by smoking a cigarette. "I can't go," he said ruefully, "until someone will be his mother. And—nobody would! The two sat on.

It was like this that it had happened. They were giving the Sunday School children a tea-party. It takes four afternoons to have them all, because there are so many. Yesterday the 800 infants arrived in ages varying from three to eight years, the elder ones coming in turn on following days. "Ah, yes," put in the curate with feeling, "but they are bigger; they can go home by themselves; they don't have to have mothers!"

The 800 babies had had a lovely time, and been so good and well-behaved; they had sung carols, and eaten buns, and had toys, and cheered the vicar, and called him "Our Vicky," because even the babies know that the vicar stands as the embodiment to them of warm fires, warm clothes, hot dinners, and "work for faever" in a distressful time. And the vicar had cheered them back quite as uproariously.

A Difficult Distribution

Finally it was time for the party to break up, and the brave young curate undertook the assortment and apportionment of the 800 babies between the mothers waiting for them in the playgrounds! He succeeded in the end, but the end was a long way behind the beginning.

The mothers seldom accepted his recommendation as to which and how many children they had better have; they insisted on different ones. And when he had satisfied their selective fancies at last, and passed them through the final exit, they would insist on mixing themselves up again with the non-provided mothers, and bringing the whole troop back because one infant had dropped her doll's shoe, another had forgotten her orange, and a third had lost her "Tammymy-shanty!"

At last they were all gone, all but the one small boy whom no mother claimed, and who wasn't big enough to know where he lived. The curate looked at the boy, and the boy looked at the curate—they could get no further. He wept, and fetched some buns, sat him up on a high chair, and sat himself lowly down opposite to watch him.

The Chinese lanterns all went out. So did the candles on the dismantled tree. The great hall died into darkness save for the solitary gas-light exactly over their heads, which the verges thoughtfully left on. On one side the red spark of a cigarette glimmered in the darkness—that stood for the curate. On the other, now and then a fat fist thrust a fatter bun out into the line of light, as it sought its way to the proper destination of fat buns—that stood for the boy.

Are they sitting there still?

ANOTHER APPEAL FROM JAPAN.

War poems in a mélange of English and Japanese are rather common just now, and they must be very easy when you know a little of the language.

One—apparently meant for the "Times"—has made its way into the *Daily Mirror* office. It sounded rather well on the first reading, but on looking up Brinkley's Japanese dictionary we found that the meaning was hardly so heroic as the swing of the lines suggested.

Some joker had evidently intended to earn an honest guinea or two out of the innocence of a London editor, thinking that at the present time it only needs a liberal display of italics to secure the glory of a prominent place in the leader column. Here is the effusion:—

DAI NIPPON'S APPEAL.

We've fought like men for the mighty Yen;
We've smitten the foe with fearsome Ka;
With our stout *Shuya*
We've struggled through the gloom of the *Sakana*;
The *Chavara* we've held, and we've even quelled
The reckless *Kuruma*.
'Gainst the bloody ruel of the *Geta* cruel,
Relentless feud we waged;
Our bold *Dampo* smote the *Tetsudo*,
And Nippon's woes assuaged;
And the grim *Gozen* fell *Sanju* Sen
Where the furious tempest raged.
With loud "Banzai," that ne'er shall die,
Britain, to thee we call;
Eikoku! we want your *Kin*;
And make the figure tall;
For our own *Ginko* is rather low,
And our stocks begin to fall.
We will share our newly-acquired Japanese with the reader:—
"Yen"two shillings
"Ka"mosquito
"Shuya"sauce
"Sakana"fish
"Chavara"tea-cup
"Kuruma"jirikissia
"Geta"clogs
"Dampo"telegram
"Tetsudo"railway
"Gozen"rice
"Sanju Sen" three-pence
"Banzai"hurrah
"Eikoku-jin" Englishmen
"Kin"gold
"Ginko"bank

City Handy Men.

HOW LONDON IS SUPPORTING THE NAVAL VOLUNTEER SCHEME.

London is taking kindly to the idea of the new Naval Volunteers. Already 800 have been enrolled at the recruiting station at Fishmongers' Hall.

Clerks from Lloyd's, in the nature of things, are keenly interested; so are the clerks who sing "Nancy Lee" or "Tom Bowling" with effect at suburban concerts. But every other

thus show a class average. Later in the year figures of the annual consumption of dairy produce will be published.

INVADED BY FRENCH MONKS.

The Dover mail train one day last week brought in a number of passengers whose real character escaped recognition. They were French monks, garbed as ordinary laymen, and were mistaken by the Charing Cross porters for French actors, from the immense amount of luggage they brought with them. They numbered twenty or more, and at once proceeded to Edmonton.

There is no doubt that, unnoticed by the majority of the British public, expelled monks

COLOUR IN CALIFORNIA.

A TOWN WHERE THE NEGRO FISK JUBILEE SINGERS WENT HUNGRY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Los Angeles, Dec. 17.

The city of Los Angeles, or, in plain English, the City of the Angels, in the southern part of California, is said to be about the most democratic city in the world. Here everybody is equal to everybody else—so they tell you. Here there is a chance for everybody.

Yet here, the members of the celebrated Fisk negro troupe, well known, and, if I mistake not, once handsomely and hospitably treated in aristocratic England, have been refused food because of their colour! They came here to pray—and sing—and are remaining to be scoffed at.

They are respectable and educated men and women, and they never went hungry before. They have suffered a day of hunger, and on the night they arrived various members of the troupe found it almost impossible to stand the fatigue of their concert because of the weakness produced by hunger.

Would Not Serve Negroes.

The town of Los Angeles is a comparatively small one. There are, perhaps, one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants there. It is a place largely patronised by tourists and health-seekers, and so it is full of restaurants, hotels, and boarding-houses.

The Fisk troupe was refused at forty places, landlords declaring to their faces that every waiter in the establishment would walk out on strike if asked to serve negroes with food. They walked about the town till their feet were blistered and their heads ached, and then they sang to the inhabitants of the City of the Angels with empty stomachs.

They have now found rooms, but arrangements have been made to serve their meals in these rooms. They are denied the privileges of the common dining-room. It is rumoured that the proprietress of the place is herself carrying the meals to them, as the regular waiters have refused, and that the members of the troupe are paying much higher rates than those asked of white people.

The baritone is now recovering from the illness with which he collapsed after the first performance—illness brought on by being obliged to sing without proper food.

One wonders what President Roosevelt will say to Los Angeles when he hears of this thing which she has done. The fact is, in California

there is more race prejudice than in any other state in the Union. Here the Chinese are a thorn in the flesh, here the Indians are being exterminated, and here it is determined that the negro shall not get a hold.

"This has got to be white man's land!" say the Californians.

ONE YEAR'S WORK.

Mr. Carnegie Has in Twelve Months Got Rid of Four Millions.

"He who dies rich, dies disgraced," Mr. Carnegie has said; and, "I would as soon leave to my son a curse as the almighty dollar."

It was announced yesterday that during the past year Mr. Carnegie had distributed in various gifts—at home and abroad—a sum of no less than £4,200,000. But huge as this amount appears, it is not a quarter of the total amount that he has given away since he first started upon his career of public benefactor.

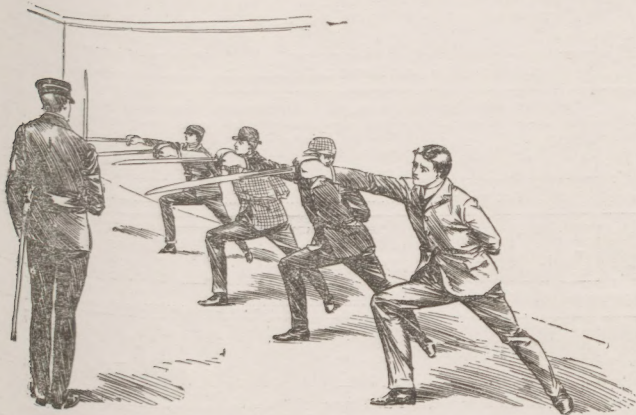
His native land of Scotland and the city of his adoption in the United States have been, as is only natural, most favoured by him, but many other countries have shared his benefits. Thus, roughly, the United States have received over £13,000,000; Scotland, over £3,000,000; England and Wales, nearly £300,000; and Holland, Canada, Ireland, and Cuba follow closely. In London and the suburbs alone, in donations to public libraries, Mr. Carnegie has given very nearly two hundred thousand pounds. Birmingham also figures largely, £50,000 being accounted for in one gift to the university.

A Businesslike Benefactor.

Of the Scottish gifts, those that are best known are, of course, the Education Trust, and the more recent gift to Dunfermline, Mr. Carnegie's native town, in the shape of an estate, endowed with a sum of half a million pounds, to be kept as a pleasure ground and place of amusement and instruction for the working classes.

But with all his generosity Mr. Carnegie is not a man to be imposed upon, and his benefactions are carried out in a thoroughly business-like manner, an organised staff being engaged solely upon the work of dealing with his public donations.

And the work is by no means light, for during one week recently Mr. Carnegie considered and made grants to five towns for free libraries involving over £40,000, besides dealing with dozens of other applications of various kinds.



THE CITY HANDY MAN AT DRILL.

Stockbrokers and their clerks, besides other business men, have now enlisted as naval volunteers, 800 having already been enrolled. Our picture shows some of them at cutlass drill.

class in the City, from stockbrokers down to office boys, are among the recruits. The companies—eight of a hundred each—are arranged in water-tight compartments according to the nature of their calling.

Stockbrokers and their clerks belong to one company; another consists of men in the professions; another of carpenters and plumbers; and yet another of ex-seamen, sailmakers, and those essentially nautical men—the messengers at the new Baltic.

The professional company (in mufti) left Fenchurch-street last night for their fifth drill on the training ship—smart men, all on the sunny side of twenty-eight. They were all very keen.

Men have to enlist for three years, and must put in forty drills the first year, and twenty-four every subsequent year. There will be a cruise in some sea-going man-of-war, probably just after the naval manoeuvres. The cruise is optional, but one day's service at sea counts as five drills at home.

Greater Intelligence.

A naval officer who saw a good deal of the old Naval Artillery Volunteers in the seventies said yesterday that he was certain this second Naval Volunteer venture would be highly successful.

"I have seen the men drilling," he said. "Both the professional men and those from the artisan classes seem possessed of far more intelligence than was visible in the old days. Give them a chance to find their sea legs, and the R.N.R.V. will be a useful branch of the Service."

The Admiralty is overhauling H.M.S. Buzzard, and fitting her with the latest quick-firing guns, and in April she will take up her moorings at Blackfriars Bridge, so that her new sailors will be able to drill under the eyes of admiring Londoners.

SMITHFIELD MARTYRS.

Nearly Twenty Million Animals Slaughtered for our Yearly Food.

The second report issued by the Royal Statistical Society on the production and consumption of meat in the United Kingdom gives figures which, if not exact, are quite reliable enough for the purposes desired.

The population has been divided into four groups, and the annual average consumption for each group is as follows:—

Group	Lbs. per Head. Per An. Per Week.
Group I. Artisans, mechanics, and labourers	107 ... 2.06
Group II. Lower middle class	122 ... 2.35
Group III. Middle class	152 ... 3.50
Group IV. Upper class	200 ... 5.77

To arrive at these figures, the society issued forms of returns to farmers, butchers, meat importers, traders, and householders. First it was necessary to ascertain the number of cattle, sheep, and pigs slaughtered annually for food, and the following enormous figures were the result:—

Cattle (and calves)	3,025,000
Sheep (and lambs)	11,716,000
Pigs	4,474,000

This is a total average of 19,215,000 animals slaughtered yearly.

The mean weight of the animals was then found, and the total quantity of meat worked out at 2,118,457 tons, giving an average consumption of 115.99lb. per head of the population of 18,440,000.

From this it was not hard to tabulate the householders' forms into four groups, and

THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVING TO CHATSWORTH YESTERDAY EVENING.



The road near the entrance to the Duke of Devonshire's famous seat was lined by men bearing flaming torches, and the house and grounds were ablaze with illuminations.

See Page 3.

A New Bridge Competition,

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST BERGHOLT,

COMMENCES IN THIS ISSUE.

ONLY TWO COUPONS TO FILL UP.

TWENTY POUNDS IN CASH,

and Ten Handsome "Portland" Bridge Cases, in Morocco, with Solid Silver Mounts. Each Case is of the value of One Guinea, and contains Two Packs of Cards, Two Bridge-Markers, with Pencils, and Pocket Guide to Bridge.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

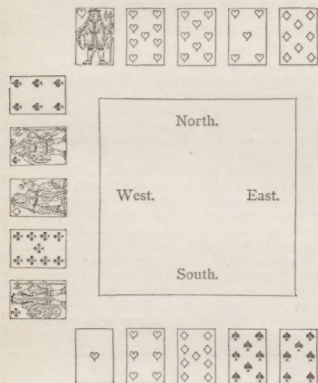
+ HOW AN EALING PLAYER FIGURES +
OUT COUPON 13.

♥ CONCERNING TOURNAMENT COUPON No. 11. ♥

We should have supposed, from the various hints we have dropped as to the play of this deal, that no further difference of opinion would exist as to the resultant number of tricks for YZ, especially as all our readers have now had more than four weeks to study on it. But "H. B." still maintains strenuously that YZ can only win nine tricks, and he "challenges anyone to make more." There are several people at the *Mirror* office ready to take up the challenge as soon as the preliminaries have been arranged. What are to be the stakes, and who the referee?

We have also a courteously-worded letter from "H. E. M." (Ealing) as to Mr. Whitfield's hand, which was printed as Coupon 13. He says: "I think you will find that it is quite possible for AB to prevent their opponents from scoring more than nine tricks. A and B must make one trick in clubs, one in trumps, and two in diamonds. If I am wrong will you kindly point out the way in an early issue of your interesting paper? I am not myself a competitor, but I assisted my wife, and so am very much interested in the competition. . . . I hope you will not think my letter a troublesome one, but I cannot see any way out of it."

COUPON No. 1.



IN THIS COUPON

hearts are trumps, and South has the lead. Write down on the following form what you consider to be the correct play of the five tricks, taking full advantage of the known position of the cards. Underline the winning card of each trick.

Trick	SOUTH.	WEST.	NORTH.	EAST.
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				
5.				

RESULT:

NS. win tricks.
EW. win tricks.

Name.....

Address.....

COUPON No. 2.

What would you do as Dealer, holding the following hands at the specified scores? You may either declare or leave it:—

1. At love all.....

2. At love all.....

3. At 18 to 12, in your favour.....

And what would you declare on the following hands if it were left to you?

4. At love all.....

5. At love all.....

6. At love scored by you, against 1 game and 28.....
Assume the first game of the rubber, if nothing is said to the contrary.

INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES.

When you have filled in your replies to the above two coupons, and have written your full name and address in the spaces provided at foot of Coupon No. 1, cut out the coupons and enclose them with Postal Order for One Shilling (crossed Barclay and Co.) to the "Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.," in an envelope legibly marked above the address: WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION No. 4. On a separate sheet of paper, pinned to the coupons, and also signed with your full name, you may add any notes you may think desirable, but such notes are not obligatory. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, queries on

points of Bridge play, suggestions, reports of hands dealt, etc., must invariably be sent in a separate envelope. For the replies received the Bridge Editor will award marks, according to merit, and his decision as to degree of merit shall be final. The Ten Bridge Cases will be given to the ten competitors scoring the highest number of marks, and the forty competitors coming next in order of merit will each receive Half a Sovereign in Cash. N.B.—All solutions must be posted so as to reach the office of the *Daily Mirror* not later than by the first post on the morning of Monday, January 11th. Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or their solutions will be disqualified.

The greatest improvement in the TALKING MACHINE
ever placed before the Public.

Entire Absence of Scratching.

Full Natural Tones.

IN 3 STYLES.

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No. 2 £3 5 0
No. 3 £7 15 0

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OF
HEARING
MADAME

RECORDS.

1/4, 2/6, and 3/6
each.

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Formerly the Privilege of only the Wealthy, is Now Within the
Reach of Everyone.

Hear a reproduction on the "Perfecta" of a song by Madame Kirkby Lunn, Ada Reeve, or any of the well-known artists which our list comprises, and you will agree with us that this is no mere machine, but a "HUMAN THING." Inventors have for years been attempting to invent a Talking Machine that reproduces accurately, without the buzzing nasal sound, and scratching and whirring, which has hitherto been associated with this class of instrument. The "Perfecta" accomplishes this.

Call and hear this wonderful machine, or if this is not convenient,
write for our lists.

ARTISTS WHO HAVE MADE RECORDS:—

MESDAMES—
SARAH BERNHARDT
KIRKBY LUNN
ADA REEVE
HILDA MOODY
MARIE DAINTON
SYLVA SABLANC
HILDA TREVELYAN

MESSIEURS CARUSO
COQUELIN
MR. BEN DAVIES
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Beginning with the issue of
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BRIDGE

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The column will be edited
by

MR. ERNEST BERGHOLT,

the leading authority on the
game, and will combine
instruction, answers to
queries, correspondence,
and problems.

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BATTLE OF THE BARGAINS.

THE FIRST "SCRAM" OF THE YEAR.

The day was yet in its infancy, and Phœbus Apollo still abed behind curtains of cloud, when the vast army of bargain hunters left their homes, armed to a woman with handbags and catalogues, and prepared for deeds of daring-do.

Ever since the announcement in the papers that all the great drapery emporiums would commence their winter sales on January 4, the plan of campaign had been a-brewing. The strongholds singled out for attack were situated mainly in Regent-street and Oxford-street, and on Saturday evening all was in readiness behind the plate-glass windows.

No one of the invading army succeeded in effecting an entrance, but scouts in great numbers were sent out from suburban camps to prospect and duly report as to the whereabouts of the most alluring reductions in the various "lines."

The Bravest and Best.

Yesterday morning's invasion was no sudden rush, no undignified scramble, but a serious and thoroughly well-organised business. The vast force which poured into town was recruited from every quarter of Suburbia and the provinces. Bayswater and Kensington sent their light squadrons, Brixton and Clapham sent their crack corps from St. John's Wood, and a regiment in heavy marching order from the Northern Heights.

The sharp mincing accent of Holloway mingled with the brogue of Erin's Green Isle. Every variety of English as she spoke was to be heard in the omnibuses, railway trains, and cars which had been chartered for the conveyance of troops into the heart of the enemy's country.

Some after eight o'clock a shop-walker stationed on sentry duty at the door of a famous bargain-centre close to Oxford-circus saw, in the dim light of the slowly dawning day, a gallant band of free lances, hurrying with fluttering skirts and waving plumes towards him. With firmly-compressed lips and flashing eyes they bore down upon the pane the red-lettered legend, "Great Clearance Sale!"

Surrender Without Parley.

It was the advance guard of early birds determined to secure the first worms in the shape of rich loot of silks and laces, blouses, remnants, and what not.

One fair amazon broke into a run. The shop-walker signalled an urgent message to his chief. "Surrender without parley" was the command. The door was opened, and the ladies poured in and took possession.

To a non-combatant the scene was full of picturesque interest. Here a party of damsels, afire with the lust of bargains, fell upon a pile of dainty confections in lace and chiffon. With impatient hands they whisked the underneath blouses uppermost, tossed them hither and thither, taking in the points of each with incredible swiftness, and then with a sudden pounce one would extract from the confused heap her particular fancy, and



THE WEAKER SEX.

An artist's impression of the opening day at the sales. A newspaper recently remarked that a football "scrum" is an infantile amusement by comparison.

carry it off under the very noses of her companions, who prosecuted their search with redoubled vigour. There two belligerents had fallen upon the same marvellously "reduced" length of brocade. Each stuck stoutly to her prize till a diplomatic saleswoman drew off one of the claimants by the timely production of some "net slips," marked at "quite ridiculous prices to clear."

In the midst of the excited treble chirping of half-a-dozen school-girls, intent on adornments for "party frocks" was heard a deep voice praising in ecstatic terms, in a brogue of the richest sort, the charms of a coffee

ribbons with the best. "Let's go and have some lunch," said a stalwart dame, cloaked in sables, "and then we can *push!*" The idea was taken up by everyone in her immediate neighbourhood, and a raid was made on the luncheon-room.

One had time in the interval to notice the devastation that had been wrought. Of the huge heaps of remnants only a few paltry bundles remained.

At a late hour in the afternoon the struggle was still fiercely raging, though many of the combatants showed signs of exhaustion.

AN ENGLISH VICTIM.

MISS NELLIE REED, WHO PERISHED IN THE CHICAGO FIRE.

The only Englishwoman who lost her life in the fatal fire in Chicago, Miss Nellie Reed, is not unknown in the theatrical world over here. She began life by singing in chorus, says "The Playgoer," but her graceful dancing led



MISS NELLIE REED, the young English pantomime actress who lost her life in the great Chicago Fire. She was the only English member of the caste. [From the "Playgoer."]

coat which was "quite too swate entirely," a purrfect drame of beauty."

On a sudden the note of joy was changed to one of wailing, as the owner of the brogue perceived her cherished choice in the arms of another. Lost in her eulogy she had raised her hands for an instant and the contee had fallen into alien hands. It might have been a case of "wigs on the green," but, restraining herself by a mighty effort, she who first discovered the prize appealed to all the saints to bear witness to her prior right, and so movingly did she set forth her claim that the usurper relented and restored the bone of contention to the excited daughter of Erin.

Quite small children had enlisted for the occasion, and tossed lace collars and tumbled

her to adopt this as a profession, and she achieved more than a small success. Although she was better known in the provinces than in London, she nevertheless played for some time at Drury Lane and His Majesty's Theatre. As a member of Mr. Arthur Collins's company she in 1901 took Mme. Grigolati's part in the famous flying troupe of that name, and the reason of her being in America was that the "Grigolatis" are over there now with "Blue Beard," as performed at Drury Lane.



THE ATTRACTIVE 'KINK.'

"It is everything nowadays to possess an attractive 'Kink' in the hair."

"LADIES' FIELD."

A very pretty thing is wavy hair, or hair with a "kink." It seems to matter little what the shade of it may happen to be. From the golden tresses of the heroine of the popular novelist, down through every variety of blonde, and brown, to the richest and deepest black, hair that is wavy looks prettier and nicer than hair that is straight. Some people's hair is naturally wavy; while with others—and, perhaps we shall be safe in saying, in the majority of cases—there is a straightness which is never prepossessing and which not infrequently detracts in a marked degree from the general attractiveness of its owner.

It has been held to be not only a woman's privilege, but actually her duty to do the best she can for the benefit of her own personal appearance, and in this matter of wavy hair there is indeed a royal road opened for those whom nature has left unadorned, for we would defy the most clever expert to tell the difference between tresses of natural waviness and hair rendered wavy by the use of Hinde's "Wavers."

A strong point about the Wavers is the very natural result produced.

When waving is overdone, the effect is unsatisfactory because a sort of harsh and artificial appearance is given to the hair. The effect of waving is absolutely spoilt if it is overdone. The object in waving is not to get the hair as much into the form of an unexploded "black rapier" as possible, but to develop a scarcely perceptible undulation in it which shall be both graceful and artistic. There are few things more painful to those who have made hair-dressing a scientific study than to see a girl whose hair has been bent over-waved to the extent alluded to above. When waved with the help of "Hinde's Wavers," the hair flows as it were in a series of gentle undulations, and its general appearance is the very antithesis of sharp bends and short twists.



With the No. 11 Waver the hair is plaited over and under as shown in the accompanying sketch. One important point to be remembered is that for waving the hair you always commence near the roots, whilst for curling you begin at the points or ends of the hair.



No. 14 is much simpler and equally effective. Waver. With this you simply open out the centre bar and roll the hair round and round for the length you require to wave, giving the hair a twist the whole time. If the hair is rolled round loose and flat the wave will not be a success.



No. 18 is used in the same way as No. 14, and produces an equally pretty wave. It is considerably lighter, being composed of a frame of very thin wire with a centre bar of tortoiseshell.



No. 19 is a later pattern, and is most cunningly devised to give the long French wave so much in vogue at present. It is an excellent renovator and prolonger of the life of the wave, and is used after the hair is secured in place, or even after it is entirely dressed. If when the hair is arranged, it is seen that it is too straight, two or three of these No. 19s that it is too straight, two or three of these No. 19s inserted in the required position and allowed to remain for ten or fifteen minutes will give to the head quite the appearance of having just left the hair-dresser's hands.

"For her no fear of storm portending sky, Hinde's Wavers e'en the elements defy."

It is necessary to see that you get real "HINDE'S," as foreign crude made imitations are sometimes offered.

The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, restraining a West End draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's Wavers." Evidence was given that by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nolly, of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" legibly impressed both on the article and on the box. They are sold in 1s. boxes by every dealer in the three Kingdoms.

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Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XL.

Continued.

"How dare you speak to me like that?" cried Chesney fiercely. "How dare you set yourself up to judge me? You ought to be grovelling at my feet begging for mercy that I might let you go and hide yourself somewhere without disgracing you in the sight of all men. You have not denied it—you dare not—you cannot!"

The words fell on the man's ears like a thunderbolt, so completely had he given himself up to the devils that possessed him. "You deny it?" he gasped. "You say you were not there that night?" "I do." She spoke the lie with quiet deliberation. Again the words seemed put into her mouth from outside. Some strong power, which was neither deception nor fear, prompted her to speak them. Too much was at stake—her standing in the world's eyes, and Paul Joscelyn's as well; not only their reputations, but their very liberty. If Philip knew there was no guessing to what wild and disastrous exposure his insatiable jealousy might lead him. And the real issue of that dark night—the frightful secret that she was doomed to carry with her all her days—was not between her and him, but only between her soul and God.

Her conscience was clear, and he accused her of a sin which it would have been impossible for her nature to commit; hence the strength which rose up to aid her outraged woman's pride. Heaven knows, she would have told him everything gladly enough; she would have willingly knelt by his side and poured into his ears that dark story that had resulted from her over-zeal on his behalf; she would have begged him to join forces with her and with Paul Joscelyn to hide all traces of that tragedy, which if the world had been called upon to judge it could only have been punished with injustice, because in all the laws of man there is no law made to meet the case. She had often longed to lay bare her soul to him, crying upon Heaven to witness that it was her great love for him that had led her into such mazy paths. At first she would doubtless have told him that she had not been over-ruled by Paul Joscelyn's stronger will. And now she recognised that he had been right; she saw with her own eyes that Philip would never have understood.

So she lied to him, because she did not stand alone, and, if she felt, must pull down another with her, a man who had saved her and risked and lost much for her sake. So it was that she looked him squarely in the face, her own uplifted, her mouth set in a hard line, her eyes half shut, cold, and full of challenge.

"And if I don't believe you?" he said, roughly. His face wore an ugly look. An impartial observer would have said that he had deteriorated a little since he went away. His tone was an aggravation. He was eaten up by the fires of jealousy; that was his excuse. And it must be remembered that he had come fresh from savage warfare, and perhaps the lust of it was in him still.

Martia shrugged her shoulders. "I am sorry."

"And if I force you to admit it?" He had dropped her wrist a few moments before; now he seized it again. The look on his face was terrible. It was extraordinary how the idea had seized on his mind; interest, inclination, pride, all urged him to disbelieve it; and yet he came to it so automatically as if it were the one desire of his life. Such a monstrous thing is jealousy. It fattens on itself, and, unless firmly checked by reason and faith, will grow until it wrecks a man's life, deprives him of what he loves best, and leaves him desolate.

"I don't quite understand you," said Martia, calmly. "Of course, if you insist on believing it, whatever I may say, I can do nothing." She looked at him again, with delicate scorn. "You will no doubt prove it to your own satisfaction."

"You are a monster!" cried Philip, and now his voice was almost pitiful. "Is there nothing to you that your name will be bandied about that it will go to join the long list of those who are never mentioned without a smile and a shrug? God in Heaven, I can't understand you! I would have staked every drop of blood in my body that you were the purest woman on earth."

"And yet," she said, with cold solemnity, "one remark from a boy, who is a stranger to you, and who, you admit, was not sober, was enough to shake your faith in me."

"It is not fair to talk like that," said Philip, exasperated beyond all bounds. "What earthly interest could the boy have in saying such a thing if it were not true?"

"Listen," said Martia, more gently than she had yet spoken, for she could see in his face that he was enduring the tortures of hell, his mind torn now this way, now that, longing to believe, and maddened by doubt. "I will tell you what happened. I was walking with

Colonel Joscelyn in Mabel Leicester's garden, where a charity fête was being held, two or three days before your return. This boy, you speak of—it must be the same—was brought up and introduced to Colonel Joscelyn, and it was then that he made that mistake. Colonel Joscelyn corrected him; he saw his mistake and apologised, and that would have been the end of it, I suppose, had he not, as you say, taken too much wine, and when he saw me in the Casino, forgotten what his good breeding would tell him under ordinary circumstances, that it is ungenerous to repeat a mistake which may have had a humorous side to his perverted sense of humour, but which might grievously injure a woman who could not defend herself against it. Had you asked him," she went on, more cuttingly, "he would doubtless have told you that he had made a mistake, leaving out the information at the beginning so as not to spoil the humour of the tale. But you seem to have taken everything for granted"—her voice gained in power and passion—"dishonoured me in your own sight, and given rise to every wild instinct of your nature, not excluding the desire to kill. And so you must not be astonished if I am bitter when I find that your faith in me was such a slight thing that it was shattered by a breath."

Philip was gazing at her, dumbfounded. "You mean," he said, "that it was a mistake?"

"Yes; a mistake."

"That he saw some other woman?"

"Some other woman."

"Who looked like you?"

"Possibly."

"That he admitted that it was not you he saw?"

"He admitted it."

"Of course he admitted it!" The man's voice was a burning, bitter cry. "And he would admit—of course—of course!"

To Philip's temperament the position was maddening. It was suddenly borne in upon him that he would never know the truth, that the whole world would band itself together to lie to him. Of course, that boy would admit he had made a mistake when he was quite himself again; would kick himself and loathe himself, because he was a decent, honourable boy. And the other men, of course, as far as the world was concerned, as he was concerned—to them the boy would always have made a mistake. And Colonel Joscelyn—to him the boy had made a mistake. And to his own self the boy had made a mistake.

And all the time the possibility that he was doing his wife an infamous wrong gnawed at his heart. If Martia were innocent—Heavens, that there should be an "if"!

She saw the fearful conflict in his mind, for his face was grey and haggard with it, and, because she had lied to him, she tried to understand, and her quick comprehension showed her that to his nature there could be no such thing as a doubt, and that hardened her heart against him, for that was the thing she could not forgive or understand—that he doubted her!

"Why do you stand staring at me?" he asked, impatiently. "Have you nothing to say? Something must be done."

"I was thinking," she said, slowly, "that the depth and entirety of a woman's love, and the surrender of her whole being, and the free gift of all her thoughts and aspirations, make very little impression on a man—even on the best man."

"It is like you to theorise," he muttered, angrily.

"It is no theory. Three years of the most perfect happiness are no safeguard. It is shattered in a moment. You do not believe me; it is just as if I had been a woman who had given you cause to believe that, if you gave her the chance, she would betray you. You do not believe in me!"

"I wish to God I could!" he groaned. "But why did you systematically disregard my wishes; why did you insist on making a friend of a man who is not fit for a decent woman to know? Isn't this another proof of it? Isn't it enough for you? If you were not that woman, it is not plain proof that I was right, that he is no fit associate for you? Why did you take presents from him? Why were you constantly seen with him? Above all things, why did you never once mention his name to me, unless it were that you were ashamed?"

These were the old arguments: she was silent. She could not explain; hardly did she herself understand.

And then Philip looked up. The passion had died out of his face; he looked weary and old.

"What are we going to do?" he asked.

Her heart yearned over him. She could only remember that he suffered such pangs, such cruel, unnecessary pangs. He had not made his nature, and he loved her; that she knew.

The future looked black enough. What was to come? It seemed as if life were over. High as the heaven had been their vision of love; and yet it had not stood the test. Everything was over; joy was gone, youth was useless. And then once more the woman saw them both, herself and him, in far-away perspective. They were puppets pulled by strings, and the play had to be acted; the game had to be played. Broken hearts went for nothing; the great drama moved on.

Ay, indeed, what were they going to do?

The next morning it seemed as if a blight were over all the land. A pall of mist hung over sea and mountain; beneath it the water was motionless, and the boats in the little harbour looked as if they were stuck on to a sheet of glass. It was a queer, lifeless, unnatural day.

Martia had not slept; she had sat in a chair after Philip left her, when, weary and spent,

he had asked that despairing question—"What are we going to do?" And she had no verbal answer to make.

He had gone silently, slowly, all his fury melted to despair; and she had sat on until the dawn broke; and in the cold, still hours she had raised a bitter cry to heaven; but she was one of those who had made their heaven on earth, and now that in her extremity she sought strength and comfort, she had forgotten the way. So that those lonely hours made a mark upon her soul, and many weary months passed before it was wiped away, for she was young, and she rebelled against suffering, and it seemed to her that her portion had been dealt out by a vengeful hand.

She rose and bathed and went down to breakfast. The world does not stop. A woman or a man who has lost the being most dear on earth must rise and dress and eat and speak and perform all the little things of life.

She conversed with Jacqueline in the breakfast room; she saw that young lady look at her curiously, nay, almost fearfully. She tried to compose her face into indifference, but only succeeded in making it rigid. But her conversation left nothing to be desired in lightness or in frivolity.

"I've got a shocking headache," she said, as she rose from the table. "I don't think I shall be able to go for that motor trip we had arranged."

Jacqueline eyed her calmly. "You shouldn't wear white when you've got a headache," she said, with her mouth full of buttered toast. It was one of her rare, kind speeches, though it was said brusquely enough.

Martia took the hint, and went up to her bed-room again. Her face appeared when she looked in the glass. It was not only white, with dark rings round the eyes, but there was absolutely no life in it; and its beauty depended so much on expression and its amazing vitality.

"I look hideous when I am unhappy," she thought, and she rubbed her cheeks fiercely with a rough towel, and put on the one coloured gown she possessed, a vivid red, with a softly pleated skirt and blouse made of tinted embroideries, with gleams of dull gold thread. Then she tilted a red hat over her eyes, and went down, grateful that woman may hide their sorrows.

In the hall the flower seller was just settling his great basket of fragrant blossoms that he carried on his head, making a most picturesque figure, and quite amenable to bargains. Martia bought her daily bunch of carnations and roses and violets, and carried them up to Sir John's sitting-room.

He had already finished his breakfast. He seemed to see nothing amiss, but complimented her on her bright gown, and talked in his usual genial way, while she arranged the flowers on his list extemporised altar.

"Where is Philip?" he asked.

"He went out—some little time ago—for a swim and a walk." She had heard the door of the dressing-room open and shut, and her husband's firm, light tread echo down the quiet corridor, about seven o'clock, while she stood at her window, staring out blindly at the cheerless, misty day.

"How restless he is!" said his father, with a faint sigh.

"I told you, dear," Martia replied, "that he must take time to settle down after that wild life out there." Her voice was like flint, with the brilliancy of the spark that flint gives out. "We have not seen Colonel Joscelyn for several days, Martia," was Sir John's next remark. "I like the man—his range of interests is so wide; and I admire his suggestion of immense power, all in reserve: I must confess he attracts me strongly. I will write and ask him to come over to lunch."

Martia stooped to pick up a bunch of violets which had fallen to the floor; she tucked it into her bodice, in daring but successful contrast with the several shades of red of her gown.

"I shouldn't ask him," she said, calmly. "You know, Philip—he never liked him. They are not sympathetic."

Just then Philip himself came in. The eyes of husband and wife met. His look was obviously forced, but quite friendly; hers gleamed for a moment with some wild appeal, and then followed his lead. After all, in what other way could they meet?

"Good morning, pater," he said. "Morning, Martia."

"Good morning," she answered. She looked at him furtively as he went over to his father's side. He looked much as usual, but there was a queer, dragged expression about his mouth that her searching eyes detected, although any other person might fail to notice it under the tawny shade of his moustache.

"Who is that who is not sympathetic to me?" asked Philip. "Caught the words just as I came in."

Martia felt stifled; she looked wildly at the door; but Philip's eyes were on her, and it would be senseless to try to escape.

"Oh, we were talking about Colonel Joscelyn," said Sir John, explaining readily. "I wanted to ask him to luncheon, I like the man, but Martia said you didn't get on. Is that a fact? I've never heard you mention any particular objection to him."

"Oh, you like him, too, pater?" The woman heard with beating heart the queer note in his voice. It was half sneering, half thoughtful. "Martia does," he went on, speaking with absolute self-control. "You and she go with the majority—he is a tremendous favourite. I own I don't care for him much; but ask him to lunch by all means. He's splendid company."

To be continued.

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THE "TRILBY" TRUST.

WILL ARTISTS MODELS FORM A
TRADE UNION IN ENGLAND?

Is a trades union possible in a profession? Professional etiquette we know, and recognise as being the same thing under a different name, but for all that there seems something wrong in the decision of artists' models in Berlin to form a trades union, for posing to artists is certainly a profession; not a trade. At least, that was the unanimous opinion of a number of models and artists who have discussed the matter with a representative of the *Daily Mirror*.

The tragedy queen of a transpontine melodrama is not so imposing a person as the

exact opposite to the heavy robes, and a cold and draughty studio, frequently ends in pneumonia and similar troubles. A possible three pounds a week is not a very munificent payment for this.

A new class of work for the model is growing up in America, and the English models are anxiously expecting it to spread over here; nor does the dignity of the profession seem to be in any way outraged. Many of the large American business firms advertise their wares by means of photographs. Sitting for these is much less severe work than posing in a studio, while the remuneration is, on the whole, much better, for the model is paid by the sitting and not by time.

Strangely enough, there is no knowing, except by actual experiment, whether a model will be satisfactory for photographic work.

Some models who are famous in the studio are useless before the camera, while others who are poor models in the studio of an artist always "come out well" in a photograph. Colouring and complexion are, of course, valueless in the photographic model.

For the lighter side of the model's life you must go to the artist. He looks on and can see the model's unconscious humour.

There is much to be said for the model who, having once made a name, refuses to pose for an unknown artist. To the model, every successful picture is an advertisement, and even a model is occasionally businesslike; but it seems a topsy-turvy world in which the model may be the master.

The model almost always specialises in some character or for some special kind of picture. Classical, costume, head, hands, feet, all have their own models. Even particular characters have their particular impersonators.

There is one model in London who is known in almost every studio. His walk is as tragic

as that of a stage villain. His head is always sunk on his chest. His arms are majestically folded. He was Napoleon, and he is Napoleon. Royal condescension alone permits him to play an inferior rôle.

Nor is he the only member of this strangely mixed profession who has learnt to live a part. Many a girl has learnt refinement in a studio, and many a model who was originally selected for a half-starved and woe-begone appearance has blossomed into cheerful and healthy rôles.

A RESURRECTED ART.

OLD GLASS COLOUR PRINTS AT THE
LEICESTER GALLERY.

Even more fragile than pottery the glass colour-print has everything against its survival, and, as an article necessarily rare, will probably be much run after by amateurs now that Messrs. Brown and Phillips, at the Leicester Gallery, have reminded them that there are such things in the world.

You take a fine mezzotint, and paste it a sheet of glass; then carefully scrape away the paper from the back till only the thinnest of films remains, and in its place smudge on loosely, yet with art, a mosaic of stiff oil paint which shall shine through the print and through the glass, and gleam with a sombre splendour.

Then you keep it for a hundred or a hundred and fifty years. This is not the least difficult part of the business, for a little carelessness in fitting a probably curly piece of glass into a righteously square frame, and crack goes the whole thing beyond redemption. The wonder is that so many survive.

There is nothing to which age imparts a more splendid golden glow than to a glass colour-print, and the best in this collection, the "Mary the Second," for example, or "William Pitt," or perhaps, best of all, "Sir Richard Gipps," though they appeal to a taste sensuous rather than in-

tellectual, yet fully converted a critic who went to scoff.

I have never been able to admire a thing simply because it is rare and old, but these glass colour-prints are certainly preferable to the ordinary colour-prints (the mania for which I have never been able to understand), superior, not as the result of any finer artistry in their makers, but by the natural kindness of time.

A Danger.

In the adjoining room the water-colours of the late Thomas Collier strike one as (by comparison) cold and unsympathetic. The indefatigable outdoor observer of Nature produces pictures of which one does not soon weary, but there is the danger of his producing a mass of work that almost expresses his feeling about her without ever clinching on a single canvas the essence of the matter.

Something of this vague diffuseness de-



"Pardon me, but I only pose for artists of importance."

lady who said: "Oh, no! It would be so undignified. Just think of artistic people being mixed up in that sort of thing. No, really. It's not a matter I care to discuss."

Others, however, did not take the matter so seriously. It was funny—quite Continental, you know—but it would be impossible not to allow of such a thing.

But below all this talk of professional etiquette it was easy to find the real reason. Models, the women especially, attach themselves to two or three artists, and work almost exclusively for them.

The Model's Pay.

Once a model has fallen into the ways and habits of a special clientèle, he or she naturally receives better pay than the model who is merely doing odd work.

Here, in England, we have nothing which in any way corresponds to the system which is in vogue in French art circles.

In Paris the models who are not busy meet each morning in a street in the Latin Quarter, and artists who are in want of a model can pick and choose the model they prefer. In England there is nothing which bears even as faint a resemblance to organisation as this. It is as much a matter of luck in London as anything.

The would-be model can enter the profession in several ways, but the most common is by disinterested—or interested—enough to introduce the new hand. Another way is to apply at the big studios, and keep on applying until a vacancy is found. Even when the first step has been made it is not a bed of roses, for the pay is not of the highest. A shilling an hour is the ordinary accepted payment, but it is of course subject to variations.

In Private Studios.

The art schools have mostly a fixed daily payment. The Academy Schools, for instance, pay five shillings a day, which is a source of unending complaint among the models.

In private studios the payment is entirely in the hands of the artist, and varies accordingly.

In some studios the model is usually paid ten shillings for a sitting of no fixed length; in others, eight shillings is the usual sum, but that is usually for models who fill some special requirement.

At first sight it would seem that a profession which may bring in from thirty shillings to three pounds a week is not a bad one, but there is another side to the picture.

The work of posing is most trying. An awkward pose, heavy robes, and a hot studio are a physical strain under which many a strong woman, and man too, has fainted. The



He had once posed as Napoleon.



A MASS MEETING OF ARTISTS' MODELS.

The announcement that the models of Berlin have just formed a trade union has considerably disturbed the fraternity in this country, and many of them give their views on this page.

tracts from the sincerity and real power of Mr. Collier's work.

W. B.

Where to Achieve Successful Bargains.



THE SECRET OF ADVANTAGEOUS PURCHASES.

THE real adept, one who is infallible in her judgment of a bargain, is born, not made: although it is, at the same time, quite within the bounds of possibility to acquire a certain amount of surface knowledge that stands one in good stead in avoiding the deepest pitfalls.

Gloves, for instance, extravagantly reduced, are almost invariably doubtful; reduced, that is to say, perhaps two shillings or more the pair. Sixpence off a really reliable quality may give one every confidence, and sixpence multiplied by six, or twelve, means an appreciable reduction when buying, as one has every justification of doing, fairly generously at the half-yearly turn-outs.

Millinery Warnings.

Millinery, again, requires to be approached with caution, in fear that one is laid a victim to some hastily-tossed-up sale delusion. But from out an almost inevitable quantity of rubbish there are invariably to be found many a genuine bargain, anything, for instance, in the shape of a fur toque at a fair reduction is worthy of its price, while a really good felt or beaver of soft, pliable quality promises endless wear, in several shapes and forms.

The very rough beavers of glorified French sailor shape surmounted by emu pom-poms are to be judged as a mode that is passing, and passing rapidly, moreover, save in the case of children, with whom fashion deals more gently in the matter of change.

Use of Remnants.

And the nursery denizens hold, of course, a special plea during sale time. A practically useless remnant for an adult, especially in some such extravagance as velvet for frocks, brocade for pelisses, soft satin for cloaks and such like, may, under the auspices of an ingenious mother, backed by a capable sewing maid, be rendered into most desirable, and possibly otherwise unattainable, possessions.

Blessed by a sufficiently trained intention to arrive at the possible average of modes next winter, the sales which have commenced this week offer peculiar opportunities. But, lacking this power of projecting the mind so far forward, we shall evince that wonderful wisdom we all imagine we possess by concentrating our energies on the more immediate requirements of spring.

OPPORTUNITIES OFFERED AT HENRY GLAVE'S.

Bargains, bargains, and yet again bargains is to be the prevailing rule at 80-100, New Oxford-street, for the next ten days. An establishment is this that steps steadily with the times as may be judged by the original form taken by their sale catalogue, which is partially a booklet of fashion, forecasting the modes of the near future, the reading of which, as may be surmised, is most helpful in assisting a possibly bewildered choice of the moment.

We learn therein how 1830 modes remodelled are to be the emphatic note of to-

tomorrow, and are thereby immediately encouraged to consider the desirable possibilities of a coat with a long-shouldered cape and roomy sleeves, together with a smart little fancy tweed suit, the skirt bearing horizontal folds, a distinct reminiscence of Early Victorianism, while the note of modernity is struck by a becomingly blousée bolero, with adjustable lapels and a double circular cape.



A charming coiffure, showing the correct position for the osprey ornament, is displayed above, as well as a set of pearls and an enamel and tourmaline necklace, the colours green and pink.

The millinery is strikingly comprehensive, and includes the new hussar toque, trimmed with twisted gold bullion cord and a short feather osprey, though these distractions are not strictly among the bargains, and it behoves us in this regard to quickly chronicle how special attractions obtain in a stock of wool French plaid dress stuffs, a purchase most persuasive for the early spring, which Henry Glave is able to offer at 1s. a yard, notwithstanding the original cost price was 3s. 11d. Brocade silks, perfection for evening cloaks and for the Louis XV. and XVI. evening toilettes now decreed by the elite in the land of dress, since the designs are of the latest, carry a tempting sale price of 2s. 11d.; and dress lengths of black silks are being cleared at exceptionally low quotations.

In model costumes the Ravenswood and the Brighton

stand conspicuous successes, while an eminently useful knockabout suit with a Russian banded coat is a covetable possession at 29s. 6d. But 18s. 9d. is the commencing price of tailor-made coats and skirts, short walking-skirts, in navy and black serge, coming out at 7s. 11d., lined. And perhaps even more desirable in many cases will be a sturdy Scotch tweed gored skirt strikingly well hung and finished, at 8s. 11d.

Justifiably tempting are an odd lot of cream silk blouses and slips reduced to an all-round price of 2s. 11d., 16s. 9d. representing the prevailing cost of some amazingly dressy unlined blouses of accordion-pleated silk, with transparent V and square yokes.

For Outdoor Use.

Special and enticing offers, moreover, abound in the umbrella, fur, and shawl department, the first-named item revealing some leading lines and prices, only possible under exceptional circumstances.

But Henry Glave's sale claims a visit from all bargain-loving women, not even excepting those whose exclusive shopping centre is strictly the West End.

AT H. C. RUSSELL'S.

In view of the fact that authorities from several lordly quarters are proclaiming the certain prevalence of small checks in fancy black and white mixtures in the near future, there is to be specially interviewed at this sale a certain coat and skirt costume, the former of three-quarter Newmarket style, which has fallen from the high estate of seven guineas to 69s. It is not for us to seek the cause of this particular opportunity, but the wise will at once see the wisdom of profiting by it as quickly as may be.

An Absolute Clearance.

But an absolute clearance of the stock of coats and skirts in tweed and many other fabrics is to be made here at a commencing price of 29s. 9d., a choice of coats at this price comprising Russian, Eton, and Chesterfield styles, lined with glacé silk, while the skirts are similarly treated with a superior quality of linenette. An exceptional guarantee of excellence also goes with the Paris model gowns at this establishment. Their condition, thanks to an unusual expenditure of care, is generally admirable, and with them a full half-price is apparent throughout. The stock is too large a one to detail, wherefore it must suffice to say that the prices thereof run from about 4 to 12 guineas, mere bagatelles, of course, as compared with the original cost.

Undeniable Bargains.

A most persuasive little slip skirt is the Lucille in cream or black Russian net, trimmed with lace and frills edged with ribbon, at 14s. 6d., and the "Eileen" in spotted Russian net, generously frilled and ruched and trimmed with yards and yards of satin ribbon, coming out at 21s. 9d. These are both undeniable bargains, as they carry the conviction of their immediate hour. The same remark holds good of some full length evening coats, most recherche affairs, fashioned in grey, pastel blue, and red cloth, these, according to style and decoration, ranging in price from 29s. 11d. to 44 guineas.

The very loveliest lingerie, as a distinctive feature of the house, carries its own individual temptations, the reductions throughout being of an obviously sweeping order, quite special reductions occurring in ten and twenty guinea trousseaus. So it behoves the prospective bride, in company with her sister, to be immediate and early visitors at Sidney-place, Coventry-street.



THE DAILY TIME-SAVER

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Meat.			
Dairy-fed Pork.	Veal.	Pork.	Mutton.
Fish.			
Herrings.	Haddock.	Eels.	
Soles.	Whiting.	Plaice.	
Canadian Salmon.			
Mackerel.	Mullet.	Whitebait.	
Scallops.	Oysters.	Crabs.	
Poultry and Game.			
Chickens.	Ducks.	Geese.	
Pigeons.	Turkeys.	Pheasants.	
Quails.	Wild Duck.	Grouse.	
Partridges.	Rabbits.	Teal.	
Vegetables.			
French Asparagus.	Artichokes.	Celery.	
French Beans.	Seakale.	Turnips.	
Lettuces.	Carrots.	Spinach.	
Batavia.	Cardoons.		
Salads of various kinds.			

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Custard Apples.	Grape Fruit.
Apples.	Pears.
Oranges of various kinds.	
Plums.	Cranberries.
Pineapples.	Melons.
	Mangoes.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Flowers for the Table.	
White Hyacinths.	Smilax.
Chrysanthemums of various colours.	
Scarlet Ranunculus.	Asparagus Fern.
Lilies of the Valley.	Roses.
Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots.	
Pelargoniums.	Freezias.
Cyclamen.	Chrysanthemums.
Ferns of various kinds.	

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 54.—Œufs LILIANNES OR EGGS LILY.

By the Chef of the Hotel Ritz, Paris.

Take a fine cucumber, peel it and cut it in pieces two inches thick; empty the pieces slightly with a teaspoon, place them in a saucepan with a little salt and butter, cover them with a piece of white paper buttered, and cook them slowly.

Make a stuffing composed of cocks' combs and kidneys and truffles cut in small squares. Fill the hollows of the cucumbers with this stuffing, which you will have thickened previously with a little white sauce.

Poach some very fresh eggs in the usual way, place the pieces of stuffed cucumber in an entrée dish, then place a well-shaped poached egg on each piece of cucumber and pour a white sauce (sauce suprême) over each egg.

PRIZES FOR RECIPES.

Every Saturday the "Daily Mirror" will award a prize of One Guinea for the best cookery recipe. The recipe must begin by stating each ingredient to be used in making the dish, and the price of the dish must be given. The recipe must be written on a postcard (letters are barred), and must be addressed: "Chief, The 'Daily Mirror', 9, Carmelite-street, London, E.C. The last date for sending in this week's prize recipes is Thursday, January 7th.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.
Sauté Kidneys. Veal Patties.
Savoury Omelet. Boiled Eggs.
Haddock Toasts.

LUNCH.
Mulligatawny Soup.
Fillet of Plaiice with Black Butter.
Haricot Beans à la Maitre d'Hotel.
Rump Steak à la Maitre d'Hotel.
Escalops of Sheep's Head. Devilled Eggs.
Apricot Meringue Pudding.
Lemon Cheese Cakes. Cheese Biscuits.

COLD DISHES.
Chaudroid of Chicken. Baked Ham.
Tomato Salad.

TEA.
Yorkshire Tea Cake. Cherry Cake.
Cream Honey Cakes. German Biscuits.

DINNER.

Soups.
*Victoria. Thick Tomato.
Fish.
Fritot of Lobster. Sole à la Mireille.
Entrées.
Fillet of Mutton with Soubise Sauce.
Chicken Creams in Aspic.

Game.
*Chaudroid of Quails. Roast Plovers.
Roast.
Boned and Stuffed Shoulder of Mutton.
Boned Turkey.

Vegetables.
Potatoes à la Maitre d'Hotel.
Seakale with Cream Sauce.
Savarin.
Whipped Syllabubs.

Savouries.
Croutets à la Bernese. Parmesan Soufflé.
Ice.
Glacé Assorties.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

SIMPLE DISHES.

No. 195.—VICTORIA SOUP.

INGREDIENTS:—Two pounds of potatoes, two onions (small), two sticks of celery, two ounces of butter, one quart of white stock, one gill of cream, half a pint of milk, one cauliflower, three yolks of eggs, pepper, salt.

Wash, peel, and thinly slice the potatoes, celery and onion. Melt the butter in a stewpan. Put in the vegetables and stir over the fire for five minutes. Now add the milk and stock, and about one-third of the cauliflower, putting aside the best parts. Simmer gently till soft, then rub all through a hair sieve and put it back in the saucepan and bring it to the boil. Beat up the yolks with the cream. Let the soup cool for five or six minutes and then strain in the eggs, but do not boil. Have the remainder of the cauliflower cooked carefully till soft in boiling salted water. Take care that the sprays do not break up when done. Serve the pieces whole in the soup.

Season carefully.

Cost 2s. for six portions.

No. 196.—CHAUDROID OF QUAILS.

INGREDIENTS:—Four quails, half a pint of brown stock, one small onion, half a small carrot and turnip, a glass of sherry, aspic jelly.

For the stuffing:—Half a pound of calf's liver, quarter of a pound of bacon, one small carrot, one small onion, a bouquet of herbs, pepper, salt, and nutmeg.

Cut the bacon and liver into small pieces. Wash, prepare, and cut the vegetables into small pieces also. Cook the bacon in a frying-pan, then put in the liver, vegetables, herbs, seasoning, and stir them over the fire till they are cooked. Take out the herbs and pour the other ingredients in a mortar and rub them through a wire sieve. Next "draw" and bone the quails carefully (or order the poultryer to do so) leaving the legs on. Stuff each bird with the forcemeat you have prepared. Put the birds in a stewpan, put over them their bones, the vegetables cut in small pieces, also the stock and wine. Put the lid on the stewpan and let the contents simmer gently for half an hour. Next take the birds out of the pan and put them between two plates with a weight on the top. Strain the stock and skim it well. Next cook it till it becomes glazed, and brush the birds over with it till they are nicely coated. Arrange the quails on a bed of salad and garnish the dish with chopped aspic jelly.

Cost 8s. for eight portions.

